

THE
MERRY MEDLEY
FOR
GAY GALLANTS
AND
GOOD COMPANIONS.
CONTAINING

Diverting Stories,	Exquisite Epigrams,
Choice Jests,	Droll Dialogues,
Dextrous and Delightful	Facetious Fables,
Tricks in Leger-de-	Humourous Speeches,
Main,	Ludicrous Letters,
Pleasant Pieces of Poetry,	Rare Riddles,
Celebrated Jovial Songs,	Arch Sayings,

AND
MODISH COUNTRY DANCES.

The Whole designed to prevent and expel Spleen
and Melancholy, and drive the cold Winter
away with Mirth and Melody.

Dedicated to the Lovers of Funn and Good Fellowship,

BY

C. F. PRESIDENT of the COMICAL CLUB,
in Covent-Garden.

*In chearful Minds spontaneous Joys arise,
And well-tim'd Levities become the Wise.* WELSTED.

DUBLIN:

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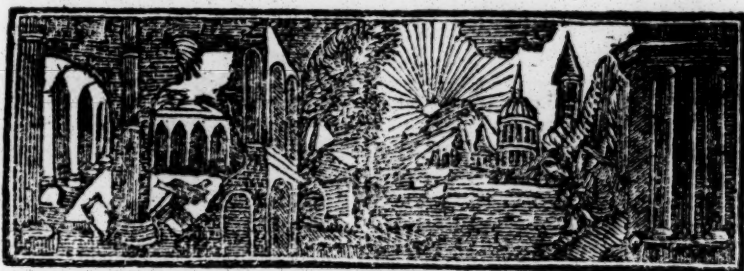
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

TH E R E is one Kind of Conversation which every one aims at, and every one almost fails in; it is that of Story-telling. I know not any Thing which engages our Attention with more Delight when a Person has a sufficient Stock of Talents necessary for it. Such as Good Sense, True Humour, a clear Head, a ready Cómmand of Language, and a Variety of proper Gesture to give Life and Spirit to what he says; if any of these be wanting, the List'ners instead of being diverted, are disobliged: But if the Person be utterly void of them all, as it is very often the Case, he becomes a Nuisance to the Company, and they are so long upon the Rack as he speaks, it has sometimes fallen to my Lot, that a Man whom I never offended has laid me under the Persecution of a long Story, and compell'd me to hear what neither concern'd himself nor me, nor indeed any Body else, and at the same Time

To the READER.

he was as much in Earnest as if both our Lives and Fortunes, and the Felicity of the whole Kingdom depended upon what he said. A Humour very unaccountable that a Man shall be letting-off Words for an Hour or two with a very innocent Intention, and after he has done his best, only makes me uneasy, and himself contemptible.

THE



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S T O R I E S.



HERE are five different Kinds of Story Tellers ; the Short, the Long, the Marvellous, the Insipid, and the Delightful.

The SHORT Story Teller is he, who tells a great deal in few Words ; engages your Attention, pleases your Imagination, or quickly excites your Laughter : Of this Rank were *Xenophon*, *Plutarch*, and *Macrobius*, among the Ancients.

Brasidas, the famous *Lacedemonian* General, caught a Mouse ; it bit him, and by that Means made its Escape : " O *Jupiter* ! (said he) what Creature so contemptible, but may have it's Liberty, if it will contend for it."

When the *Nepheli* of *Aristophanes*, a Satire upon *Socrates*, was acting, his Friends desired him to retire, and hide behind them. " No (said *Socrates*), I will

“ stand up here, where I may be seen ; for now I
 “ think myself like a good Feast, and that every one
 “ has a Share of me.”

Augustus, while he was encamped with his Army somewhere near *Mantua*, was disturbed three Nights successively by the Hooting of an Owl. Proclamation was made, to the Soldiers, that whoever caught the Offender (so that he might be brought to Justice) should have an ample Reward for his Pains. Every one was loyally engaged in the Pursuit of this Bird : At last, one, more vigilant than the rest, found him in a hollow Tree ; so brought him in Triumph to the Emperor, who saw him with the greatest Joy, but gave the Soldier a Sum of Money, so far below his Expectation, that he let the Owl fly away at that Instant : So true a Sense of Liberty run through the very meanest of the *Romans*.

The Long Story-Teller is one who tells little or Nothing in a great Number of Words.

I shall here insert a Fragment of a Long Story, by way of Example, containing One hundred and Twenty-nine Words, which might have been said in these Ten Words following, *viz. Nine Years ago, I was to preach for a Friend.*

“ I remember, once, I think it was about seven Years
 “ ago — No, I lye — it was about Nine Years ago,
 “ for it was just when my Wife was lying in of *Dicky* ;
 “ I remember particularly, the Midwife would have
 “ had me stay to keep her company, and it was the
 “ heaviest Day of Storm and Rain that I ever saw be-
 “ fore or since : But because I engaged to preach for
 “ a very worthy Friend of mine, who lived about
 “ twenty Miles off ; and this being *Saturday*, I could
 “ not defer it till next Morning, though I had an ex-
 “ cellent Nag, which could have rid it in three Hours
 “ (I bought him of a Neighbour, one Mr. *Placey*) yet
 “ because I would not put my Friend in a Fright,”
 &c.

Thus far he went in one Minute ; the Story lasted an Hour, so that upon a fair Computation he spoke 7740
 Words

Words instead of 600, by which Means he made use of 7140 more than he had Occasion for, If a right Application were made of this Hint, it would be of admirable Effect in the Dispatch of Public Business as well as private Conversation: Nay, in the very Writing of Books, for which I refer the Reader to *The Fable of the Bees*.

The MARVELLOUS is he who is fond of telling such Things as no Man alive, who has the least Use of his Reason, can believe. This Humour prevails very much in Travellers and the Vain-glorious; but very pardonable, because no Man's Faith is imposed upon; or if it should be so, ill Consequence attends Persons seriously extravagant, expecting another should give Credit to what he knows impossible for the greatest Dunce to swallow.

One of these who had travelled to *Damascus*, told his Company, that the Bees of that Country were as big as Turkies: "Pray, Sir, (said a Gentleman) begging Pardon for the Question, how large were the Hives?" "The same with our's" replied the Traveller. "That's very strange (said the other) but how got they into their Hives?" "That's none of my Business, egad! let them look to that."

Another, who had travelled as far as *Persia*, spoke to his Man *John*, as he was returning home, telling him, how necessary it was that a Traveller should draw things beyond the Life, otherwise he could not hope for that Respect from his Countrymen, which otherwise he might have; "But at the same Time," *John* (said he), wheresoever I shall dine or sup, keep you close to my Chair, and if I do very much exceed the Bounds of Truth, punch me behind, that I may correct myself." It happened on a Day, that he dined with Dr. *Taylor*, where he affirmed, that he saw a Monkey, in the Island *Borneo*, that had a Tail Threescore Yards long. *John* punched him. "I am certain it was Fifty at least." *John* punched again. "I believe, to speak within compass, for I did not measure it, it must have been Forty." *John* gave him

him t'other Touch. "I remember it lay over a quick-set Hedge, and therefore could not be less than "Thirty." *John* at him again. "I could take my Oath, it was Twenty." This did not satisfy *John*; upon which the Master turned about in a Rage, and said, "Damn you for a Puppy, would you have the "Monkey without any Tail at all?"

The INSIPID, who may not unfitly be called *Soparific*, is one who goes plodding on in a heavy dull Relation of unimportant Facts. You shall have an Account from such a Person of every minute Circumstance which happened in the Company where he has been; what he did, and what they did; what they said, and what he said; with a Million of trite Phrases with an *and so*; beginning every Sentence, *And to make a long Story short*; *And as I was saying*; with many more Expletives of equal Signification. It is a most dreadful Thing, when Men have neither the Talent of Speaking, nor the Discretion of holding their Tongues; and that of all People, such as are least qualified, are commonly the most earnest in this Way of Conversation.

The DELIGHTFUL Story-Teller is one who speaks not a Word too much, or too little; who can in a very careless Manner give a great deal of Pleasure to others, and deserves rather to divert than to be applauded; who shews good Understanding and a delicate Turn of Wit in every thing which comes from him; who can entertain his Company better with the History of a Child and it's Hobby-horse, than one of the Soporifics can with an Account of *Alexander* and *Bucephalus*: Such a Person is not unlike a bad Reader, who makes the most ingenious Piece his own, that is, dull and detestable, by only coming through his Mouth. But to return to the Delightful Story-Teller: I cannot describe him by any Words so well as his own, therefore take the following Story to shew him in the most agreeable Light.

A Mountebank, in *Leicester-fields*, had drawn a huge Assembly about him; among the rest, a fat unweildy Fellow

Fellow half-dressed in the Press, would be every fit crying out, "Lord! what a filthy Croud is here! Pray, good People give way a little: Bless me! what a Devil has raked this Rabble together? Zounds! what squeezing is this! Honest Friend, remove your Elbow." At last a Weaver, who stood next him, could hold no longer: "A Plague confound you (said he), for an over-grown Sloven! and who, in the Devil's Name, helps to make up the Croud half so much as yourself? Don't you consider (with a Pox) that you take up more room with that Carcase than any five here: Is not the Place as fit for us as for you? Bring your own Guts to a reasonable Compass and be damned), and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all."

This I have transcribed from a most celebrated Author with great Pleasure, and do earnestly recommend it to my Countrymen, as the true Standard of Story-Telling, both as to Style and Manner, and every thing else not only to please the Hearer, but to gain his Favour and Affection. And be it enacted, That if any Person, of what Rank soever, shall presume to exceed Six Minutes in a Story, to hum or haw, use Hyphens between his Words, or Digressions, or offers to engage the Company to hear another Story when he has done, or speaks one Word more than is necessary, or is a Stammerer in his Speech; that then it shall and may be lawful for any one of the said Company, or the whole Company together to pull out his, her, or their Watches, to make use of broad Hints, or Innuendos, for him the said Story Teller to break off, although abruptly: Otherwise he is to have a Glove, or Handkerchief crammed into his Mouth, for the first Default; and for the second, to be kicked out of Company.

J E S T S.

THREE Gentlemen being at a Tavern, whose Names were *More*, *Strange*, and *Right*; said the last, "There is but one Cuckold in Company, and that's *Strange*." "Yes (answered *Strange*), there is one *More*." "Ay (said *More*), and that's *Right*."

A Taylor sent his Bill to a Lawyer for Money. The Lawyer bid the Boy tell his Master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that Time. The Boy comes again, and tells him, he must needs have the Money. "Did'st tell thy Master (said the Lawyer), that I was not running away?" "Yes, Sir; but he bade me tell you, that he was."

A poor *French* Refugee, who had much more *Latin* and *Mathematics* than Money, being recommended as a Tutor to a Gentleman's Family; and desiring to make as good a Figure as possible; when he came near the House, he entered a Barber's Shop, and desired to be shaved; but he was no sooner seated, than his Conscience, of having no Money, pricked him; he told the Master his Case, and promised to make him amends another Time: "You are a fine Customer, indeed! (cries the Barber.) Pray, Sir, take Notice, of this Shop, and come no more here; but I'll shave you this once, for the Sake of your Religion." He dabbs him plentifully with cold Water, uses not a Grain of Soap, and taking the first Razor that came to Hand, he rather slays the poor Man than shaves him. Whilst the Wretch was suffering Martyrdom, there was heard the most horrid squalling imaginable; it seems a hungry Cat had run away with part of the Dinner, and the Servant-maid was squeezing her Head between two Trenchers, to recover the stolen Meat. "What the Plagues the matter?" cries the Barber. "Pray mind your Business (says the *Frenchman*) de Mater be, dat your Valet shave de poor Diable de Cat, for Gossake."

The

The Emperor *Charles V.* had a Buffoon, called *Papa Thune*, who having abused the Liberty that had been given him, was, by way of Punishment, excluded for some Days the Kitchen. The Fool thought this manner of Proceeding a little cruel, and endeavoured all he could to make one of the Cooks his Friend, but all in vain : “ Well (cries he) if I must not eat, my “ Enemies, if I can help it, shall not sh-t ; ” and so, without more ado, he nailed Boards over all the Holes in the Houses of Offices. Some Courtiers untrussing in great Haste, sat down, and let fly at the same time, to the great Detriment of their Cloaths and Linen. It was soon smelt who contrived this matter ; the Fool was sent for, and being asked the Reason of this bold Adventure, he answered, “ That he thought all such “ Conveniencies superfluous in a Court where there was “ no eating.”

A Gentleman taking mortal Pains to persuade Don *Barthelmi de Martyros* to make some additional fine Buildings to his Palace, that Prelate excused himself with saying : “ Sir, your Proposal is more wicked “ than that of the Devil to our blessed Saviour ; for he “ advised him to turn the Stones into Bread, which “ might have nourish’d the Poor ; but you advise me “ on the contrary to turn the Bread of the Poor into “ Stones ”

No Nation assumes so many Christian Names as the Spaniards : A poor Don *Quixot*, who had no other Company or Attendance but the wretched Jade upon which he was mounted, reach’d, with much a-do, a small Village in *France* called *Quinott*, where there was but one little Inn ; as it was Midnight when he arrived, and pour’d down with Rain, the *Spaniard* applied himself with great Noise and Diligence to the Gate ; the Host waking at last, look’d out of the Window, and cry’d : “ Who’s there : “ Here is (answer’d the *Spaniard*) Don *Sancho Alphonso Ramiro “ Juan Pedro Carlos Francisco Domingo de Roxas de “ Stuniza de las Fuentes.*” The Landlord, who knew he had but one empty Bed, told him briskly, He had not Room for so much Company, and so return’d to his Rest :

Rest : In vain d d the *Spaniard* bawl and argue ; he was oblig'd to march two Leagues farther for an Opportunity to shake his Feathers and go to Roost.

A pretty Wench but lately come out of the Country in her Pouledavis and Linsywoolsey Petticoats, living in the Strand, was seen, not long after, in her Silks and Sattins, and being, by one of her Countrywomen, demanded how such might be purchas'd : " Faith, (answer'd she) only for the taking up."

One Day as the Priests in *France* were carrying the Relicks of St. *Martin* in Procession, two Beggars, who had posted themselves in the Way, and who used to make large Collections by their Infirmities, were told by some, that if they continued there till the Relicks passed by, they would most certainly be cured ; the Beggars, one blind, t'other lame, were terribly frightened at this Piece of News, for no greater Misfortune, in their Opinion, could befall them than that of being restored : Necessity then being the Mother of Invention, after some Debates upon Ways and Means, it was agreed the Blindman should take the other upon his Back : " Your Limbs (says the Cripple) can carry me, and " with my Eyes I can direct you." So away they trotted and disappointed the Saint of a Miracle.

A Country Fellow getting into a Gentleman's Orchard one Night, with a Design of robbing a Mulberry-Tree, had not long been in it, before one of the Men, and one of the Maids came just under the Place where he was, which made him lie as snug as he could till the Business they came about was over, when the Chambermaid began to give Vent to those Fears which the Fury of her Appetite would not admit into her Thoughts before : " Lord, *John*, (said she) now you " have had your filthy Will, what if I should prove with " Child ; who will take Care of it ?" " There is one " above, (replied *John*) I hope, will provide for it." " Is there so ; (said the Countryman) but I'd have " you to know, that if I provide for any Body's Bastard, " it shall be one of my own begetting."

A noble Lord ask'd a Clergyman once, at the Bottom of his Table, " Why the Goose, if there was
" one,

"one, was always plac'd next the Parson?" Really
 " (said he) I can give you no Reason for it: But your
 " Question is so odd, that I shall never see a Goose
 " for the future without thinking of your Lordship."

Daniel Purcell, the famous Punter, calling for some Pipes in a Tavern, complained they were too short: The Drawer said, " They had no other, and those
 " were but just come in." " Ay (said *Daniel*) I see
 " your Master has not bought them very long.

A Lady being asked how she liked a Gentleman's finging, who had a very stinking Breath: " The
 " Words are good (said she) but the Air is intolerable."

A Person who had been a Dependant on the Duke of *Buckingham*, begg'd his Interest for him at Court; and to press the Thing the more home upon him, said,
 " He had no Body to depend on but God and his
 " Grace." " Then (says the Duke) you are in a miserable Way, for you could not have pitch'd upon
 " any two who have less Interest at Court."

Two very honest Gentlemen, who dealt in Brooms, meeting in the Street, one ask'd the other, " How the
 " Devil he could afford to undersel him every where
 " as he did, when he stole the Stuff, and made the
 " Brooms himself?" " Why, you silly Dog, (answer'd
 " the other) I steal them ready made."

A Lady was insulting a poor Poet on Account of his Poverty, telling him, " All his Fortune lay in the
 " Compass of a Crown." True, Madam: (says he)
 " Horses get their Livings by their Backs; Oxen, by
 " their Necks. Swine and Women, by their Flesh;
 " Man, only, by his Brain."

A modest Gentlewoman being compell'd by her Mother to accuse her Husband of Defect; and being in Court, she humbly desir'd of the Judge, that she might write her Mind and not speak it, for Modesty's Sake; the Judge gave her that Liberty, and a Clerk was presently commanded to give her Pen, Ink and Paper; whereupon she took the Pen without dipping of it into the Ink, and made as if she would write, says the Clerk to her, " Madam, there's no Ink in your Pen."

" Truly

“ Truly, Sir (says she) that’s just my Case, and therefore I need not explain myself farther.”

A light House-wife married one whose Name was *Nott*; whom she cuckolded and buried; at her Death, a Scholar made these Verses on her:

“ *Nott* a Maid; *Nott* a Wife; *Nott* a Widow;
Nott a Whore;

“ She was not these, and yet she was all four.

A well-bred Country Family being at Supper;
 “ *Jack*, (says one of the good Man’s Sons to his Brother) cut me a Piece of Bread:” “ Cut you a Turd:” (says *Jack*) “ Father, (says the first) *Jack* says Turd at Supper:” “ If I come to him, (says the Father) I’ll kick him till he beshits himself:” “ In troth, (says the Mother) you have all as much Manners as my Arse.”

Some Gentlemen that had the Misfortune of being injur’d by the Women which were recommended to them as very sound, by an old Bawd, they resolv’d to make her remember them, and use her Customers better for the future: For which Purpose they sent for her to a Tavern, where they oblig’d her to strip quite naked, and after daubing her all over with Tar, they roll’d her in a Bed of Feathers, and then turn’d her out into the Street at Noon Day, to the great Diversion and Surprize of the Mob, who hunted her all the Way Home, from the *Piazzas* to *Liffey-street*.

One being at his Wife’s Funeral, and the Bearers going pretty quick along, he cry’d out to them, “ don’t go so fast; What need we make a Toil of a Pleasure?”

A famous Teacher of Arithmetick, who had long been married without being able to get his Wife with Child; one said to her, “ Madam, Your Husband is an excellent Arithmetician:” “ Yes, (reply’d she) only he can’t multiply.

Tom P——, a good honest Fellow, but with very little Manners, being one Day at Dinner at Lord *L*——’s, several Ladies being at Table, my Lord told him, that Count *Caffoy* had taken something very
 ill

ill of him, and would take an Occasion he heard to resent it: "Count *Coffey*, (replied *Tom*) may kiss my " A——:" Upon such a coarse Expression the Ladies all started, and my Lord cry'd, "Fie, *Tom*, I thought " you would not have used such a Word before Ladies:" "Why, my Lord, (said *Tom*) A—— " an't Baudy; Is it?" No, (said my Lord) but it is " within Half an Inch of it."

A Buffoon having displeas'd his Lord, he made after him to correct him; the Buffoon ran a pretty Way, but at last his Master caught him, and having never a Stick, gave him a Kick on the Breech, whereupon the Varlet let a great Fart: "Come out you stinking Rascal (said " his Lord)" "Why, Sir, (replied he) You are my " Master, and I must answer you at the same Door " you knock at."

A Gentleman came into an Inn in *Chelmsford* upon a very cold Day, and could get no Room near the Fire, whereupon he calls to the Hostler to fetch a Peck of Oysters and give them his Horse presently: "Will your " Horse eat Oysters? (replied the Hostler)" "I pray " try him (says the Gentleman.)" Immediately, the People running to see this Wonder, the Fire-side was cleared, and the Gentleman had his Choice of Seats; the Hostler brings the Oysters back, and says the Horse would not meddle with them: "Why then (says the " Gentleman) I must e'en eat them myself."

"Sirrah, (says a Justice of Peace to one brought before him) you are an arrant Knave:" Says he, "Just as your Worship spoke the Clock struck Two."

A certain Parson sent his Man one Sunday Morning to one *David's* a Butcher, for some Meat for his Dinner; in the mean while he went to Church to preach, and having taken out his Text, was reciting many Authorities out of Scripture for the Proof of the same: "And " now, (says he) what says *David* to this Matter?" Just as he had said this in steps his Man at the Church Door, and hearing him talk of *David*, said, aloud; "No more Meat, he swears, unless you pay him the " old Score."

One of those Sparks that carry generally both their Quality and Estate upon their Backs, being one Day spick and span new, had not strutted above ten Yards, before an unlucky Hack, passing by, and driving into the Kennel, plash'd him all over; fir'd with Rage he catches hold of the Horses Reins with one Hand, and canes the Coachman, as long as he had Breath with the other: At last a Gentleman, in the Coach, lets down one of the Windows, and cries, "Sir, I hope you will have done presently." "God damn you, (cries t'other) "if you have a Mind to take his Part come out:" "No, Sir, (replies the Gentleman) that is not my Meaning; but I have hired the Rogue by the Hour, and I shall be obliged to pay for the Time you spend in beating him;" "You are in the Right on't (says the Spark) thank the Gentleman, you Rascal; for if he was not to lose both his Time and Money, I'd pay you by the Hour myself."

A Bawd being carried before a Justice, and the chief Accusation against her was, she kept a Bawdy-house, which she confidently denied: "Huswife, (says the Justice) you keep a Bawdy-house, and I'll maintain it." "I thank your Worship (says she) for your kind Promise to me, for, indeed, I have very great Need of such Supporters."

A Man walking the Street let a Fart, upon which he jestingly said, "Crack me that Nut:" It being heard by a waggish Wench that was in a Chamber over his Head, who being well-provided at that Time with a perfum'd Chamber-Pot, throws it out of the Window upon his Head, saying; "There's the Kernel of your Nut, Sir."

A quibbling Lady at a Pig-dinner, ask'd a Gentleman, whom she had often outwitted with many jests and Retorts, whether he lov'd Pig, and if she should carve him some? Who answer'd, "I thank you, Madam, I love any Thing that comes from a Sow."

King Charles the Second having had a very fine Horse presented to him by one of his Courtiers, he bid Tom Killegrew see how old it was, whereupon Killegrew goes to the Horse and turns up his Tail, and looks
there;

there; says the King, "What do you look there for?
 "You cant tell his Age by his Tail:" "I hope (says
Killegrew) your Majesty would not have me break
 "an old Proverb, and look a Gift Horfe in the
 "Mouth."

A Lady found Fault with a Gentleman's Dancing,
 saying, that he straddled too much; to which he re-
 plied; "Madam, if you had that betwixt your Legs
 "that I have between mine, you would straddle much
 "more and wider."

One asking a Painter how he could paint such pretty
 Faces in his Pictures, and yet get such homely Children.
 "Because (said he) I make the first by Day-light, and
 "the other in the Dark."

Some Men and their Wives, who all lived in the
 same Street, and on the same Side of the Way, being
 merry making at a Neighbour's House, said one of the
 Husbands, "It is reported, that all the Men in our
 "Row are Cuckolds, but one." His Wife soon after,
 being a little thoughtful, "What makes you so sad,
 "my Dear (said her Husband), I hope you are not
 "offended at what I said?" "No (replied she) I am
 "only considering who that one can be in our Row,
 "that is not a Cuckold."

• An *Englishman* and a *Welchman* disputing, in whose
 Country was the best Living; said the *Welshman*,
 "There is such noble House-keeping in *Wales*, that I
 "have known above a Dozen Cooks employed at one
 "Wedding-dinner." "Ay (answered the *English-*
man), that was because every Man toasted his own
 "Cheese."

When Sir *Cloudesley Shovel* set out on his last Expedi-
 tion, there was a Prayer composed by the Archbishop
 of *Canterbury*, for the Success of the Fleet, in which
 his Grace made use of this unlucky Expression, That he
 begged God would be a Rock of Defence to the Fleet;
 which occasioned the following Lines to be made, up-
 on the Monument set up for him in *Westminster Abbey*,
 he being cast away, in that Expedition, on the Rocks
 called *The Bishop and his Clerks*:

As *Lambeth* pray'd, such was the dire Event ;
 Else had we wanted now this Monument ;
 " That God unto our Fleet would be a Rock."
 Nor did kind Heaven the wise Petition mock ;
 To what the Metropolitan said then,
The Bishop and his Clerks reply'd, *Amen.*

A Justice of Peace seeing a Parson on a very stately Horse, riding between *London* and *Hampstead*, said to some Gentlemen that were with him, " Do you see " what a beautiful Horse that proud Parson has got : " I'll banter him a little. — Doctor (said he), you " don't follow the Example of your great Master, who " was humbly content to ride upon an Ass." " Why " really, Sir (replied the Parson), the King has made " so many Asses Justices, that an honest Clergyman can " hardly find one to ride on, if he had a mind to it."

One *L—s—ly*, a *Scots* Pedlar, being very much distressed for a Lodging, came at last to a Hut, where, with some Difficulty, he prevailed on his Host to put him to bed to a couple of Countrymen, that were just got in before. They were so fast asleep, *Sawney* thrust in between them, in hopes of warming himself ; His Bed-fellows being jolly Fellows, and the Bed none of the largest. and the Night very cold, they endeavoured to keep as much in the Middle of it as possible, which made them squeeze the poor *Scot* extremely, who was very uneasy in his Post ; and wanting to do what nobody could do for him, and unwilling to get up lest they should refuse him Entrance again, played his Water-engine on him that was in the Front ; at which, the Fellow, feeling something warm, awakened, and asked the Pedlar what he was about ; " Hush ! (says " *Sawney*), you are well off ; for I am doing t'other " Thing upon t'other."

One Day, *Socrates*, having for a long time endured his Wife's Brawling, went out of his House, and sat down before the Door, to rid himself of her Impertinence : She, enraged to find all her scolding was not able to move him, flung a Chamber pot full in his Face ; the Neighbours, who happened to see it, laughed

at

at poor *Socrates* ; but the Philosopher told them, smiling, " I thought, indeed, after so much Thunder, we " should have some Rain.

A young Man, who was a very great Talker, making a Bargain with *Isocrates*, to be taught by him, *Isocrates* asked double the Price his other Scholars gave him : " And the Reason (said he) is, that I must teach " you two Sciences ; the one, to hold your Tongue ; " and the other, to speak."

A Chemist having dedicated a Book to Pope *Leo X.* wherein he pretended to teach the Art of making Gold, expected to receive a noble Present ; but the Pope sent him only a large Empty Purse, with this Compliment, That since he knew how to make Gold, he wanted but a Purse to put it in.

An impertinent Poet having begun to read to one, a Poem of his own making, asked him, which of his Verses were the best ? " Those (answered he) which " you have not yet read ; for they have not made my " Head ach."

A young Fellow told his Wife, the first Night he lay with her, that if she had consented to have lain with him before Marriage, he would never have made her his Wife. " Truly (says she) I imagined as much ; " for I have been cozened so three or four Times before, but was resolved not to be cozened so now."

A Man that had but one Eye, met early in the Morning one that had a crooked Back, and said to him, " Friend, you are loaded betimes." " 'Tis early, " indeed (replied the other), for you have but one of " your Windows open."

Two Friends who had not seen on another a great while, meeting by Chance, one asked the other how he did ; he said, he was not very well, and was married since he saw him : " That is good News, indeed," says he. " Nay, not so good News neither, " (replies the other) for I have married a Shrew." " That is bad," said the other. " Not so bad neither, " (said he) for I had Two thousand Pounds with her." " That's well again," said the other. " Not so well " neither, for I laid it out in Sheep, and they died of " the

"the Rot." "That was hard, indeed," says his Friend. "Not so hard neither (says he), for I sold the Skins for more Money than the Sheep cost," "That made you amends," said the other. "Not so much Amends neither (said he), for I laid out my Money in a House, and it was burnt." "That was a great Loss, indeed." "Not so great a Loss neither, for my Wife was burnt in it."

COMICAL TRICKS.

To shew a Trick with a Ring.

PREPARE a Ring of Copper, fill it with Quicksilver, and stop close the Hole again, that the Quicksilver may not find any vent : This Ring put upon a Plate of Iron, with Coals underneath it, to make it very hot, and you will see, with Surprise, how the Quicksilver, in the Ring, when it feels the Heat, will make the Ring jump and dance. There was a great Wager won with that Trick.

To sing a Person out of, or from underneath a Basket.

Desire your Friend to sit under a Basket, and lay a Wager with him, that against his Will you will make him come forth, the same Time go singing about the Basket, and at last pour some Water over him; he will soon be weary of your singing, and crawl from underneath the Basket.

To make a River or Pond burn.

Pound some Camphire to Powder, throw it upon the Surface of the Pond, or River, then light it, and it will seem as if the whole Pond was on fire.

To make a roasted Calf's Head seem to cry.

Take a little Grass Frog, put it in a little Box, full of Holes, with some Grass in it; just as you set the Calf's

Calf's Head upon the Table, slip the Box with the Frog in it, into the Mouth of the Calf; as soon as the Frog begins to feel the Heat, he will cry just like a Calf; which will at once surprize and divert the whole Company.

To bake an Egg upon your Head.

Take a Loaf of Bread, just come out of the Oven; cut a Hole in it, put an Egg into it, cover the Hole again; then wrap the Loaf in a Woollen Cloth, and hold it upon your Head sometime, the Egg will soon be done enough.

To make an Egg move upon a Table.

Take an Egg, make a little Hole at each End; after you have blown out the Contents, put a Leech into it, and stop up the Holes with Wax. The Egg, thus prepared, being set upon the Table, place some fresh Water at a little Distance, which the Leech immediately smelling, will make towards; which will give the proposed Motion to the Egg, to the agreeable Surprize of the Standers-by.

To prepare a Lamp, that shall make a Company look of any Colour you please.

If Green, order a Lamp to be made of Green transparent Glass; put Green Oil and a Green Wick in it; then light it, and the Company will all look Green: If Black, you must make the same Preparations in Black; and the same if Red, or Yellow, which will produce the same Effects.

To lift a Mortar of Ten Pounds Weight, with a Wine-Glass.

Turn the Mortar upside down; rub the Bottom very smooth, so as there be not the least Unevenness; make a Circle of the Bigness of the Rim of the Glass, with Clay, used by Distillers to lute their Glasses withal, then take a lighted Paper, put it into the Glass, and
turn

turn it upside down, fixing it to the Circumference upon the Mortar, and luting it quickly with the said Clay, so as not the least Air may enter ; as soon as the Paper has done burning, and the Glafs is cool, proceed to the Experiment, and you'll find it will answer to Admiration.

To find how much Liquor there is drawn off from a Cask, without opening the Bung.

Take a Pipe made of Glafs, a little bent ; put the End in the Tap-hole ; then hold the Pipe upright, and you will observe that the Wine will rise in the Pipe exactly equal to the Helght of the Liquor in the Cask. In the same manner you may draw Wine from one Cask into another, without opening the Bung hole.

To make the inflammable Air.

Take One Ounce of the Filings of Iron, One Ounce of the Oil of Vitriol, and Four Ounces of Water ; put them into a *Florence* Oil Flask, which will cause an Ebollution ; receive the Air into Bladders, which tie up, and keep for Use.

To use it.

Make a Hole in the Bladder with a Pin, and hold the Part pricked near the Blaze of a Candle, until the Air takes Fire, and it will burn till it is all out.

To make all Sorts of Humourous Representations in a Room.

Put some Brimstone and Wax in a Glafs, light them, and the Company will seem to be without Heads.

Or : Take some As's Milk, mix it well in Oil ; then put it in a Glafs, and light it ; they will seem to one another, as if they had Asses Heads.

Or : Take a Serpent, put it into a new Pot, with some new Wax, over the Fire, till it is quite dry ; then make a Flambeau, or Candle, of it, and light it

it up at Night in a Room, and it will seem full of Serpents.

Or : Take the Dung of a Fox, some Birds Feathers, and Hare's Grease ; boil them well together, in Afs's Urine : Let it cool near the Fire ; then convey it, in the Night-time into a Room, and the Company will seem to have long Ears and feather'd Garments.

Or : Take Ash-wood, Scurvy-grafs, Ox-pizzle, and old Ropes ; boil them together in Spring-water, and afterwards in Snow-water ; then put it in an Oven, and bake it to a Stone : Let the Company rub their Sides and Thighs with it ; put the Candle out, and they will look like so many Furies.

To set fire to a Handkerchief, that shall not consume in Burning.

To perform this, take a Handkerchief, dip it in Brandy, then set it on fire, and it will burn as long as there is any Spirit ; for it is the Property of Brandy not to consume any thing that is lighted with it, but itself.

How to make People, walking in the Streets, appear in a Room as if they walked upon their Heads.

Darken your Room, so as not the least Glimpse of Light may come in ; then cut a small round Hole in the Shutter, and hold a Sheet of white Paper before it, and Men, Women, and Children, as they pass along, will seem as if they walked on their Heads ; which cannot fail of occasioning a great deal of Mirth in Company.

DIVERTING POEMS, EPIGRAMS, and EPITAPHS.

WHILE Bunters, attending the Archbishop's Door,
Accosted each other with Cheat, Bitch, and Whore,
I noted the Drabs, and confid'ring the Place,
Concluded 'twas plain, that they wanted his *Grace*.

*A Dialogue Between a Beau's Head and his Heels ;
Taken from their Mouths as spoken at Lucas's Coffeehouse.*

HEAD.

COME, take up your Burthens, ye Dogs! and
away ;
I intend to walk up to the Bafon To-day.

HEELS.

Your Legs, Sir, are now in fuch slender Repair,
We beg that your Honour may go in a Chair.

HEAD.

Ye insolent Dogs, do you dare to refuse
So little a Walk, in a new Pair of Shoes ?
My Legs too, methinks, might have gratefully gone,
Since a new Pair of Calves I this Morning put on.

HEELS.

Do you call us ungrateful ! the Favours you prize,
Were design'd not to gratify us, but your Eyes :
Is the Footman oblig'd to his Lordship, or Grace,
Who, to feed his own Pride, has equipp'd him in Lace ?
We think we have very good Cause to complain,
That you thus are exalted without any Brain ;
As our Merits are equal, we justly may plead
A Title, sometimes, to walk on our Head.

HEAD.

Very fine ! at this Rate, all the Beaux in the Town.
Would fairly, like Tumblers, be turn'd upside down ;
But

But when I'm dissected, to shew you my Brains,
May all the World cry —— He's a Fool for his
Pains ;

But if I may argue ; pray, Sir, who takes Snuff,
Who ogles, who smiles ? I think Titles enough :
Can you sing, can you laugh, can you speak, can you
see ;

Or, what can you do, silly Dogs, without me ?
And to shew you how much your Ambition's my Scoff,
When next you rebel, I'll e'en shake you off ;
Tho' I stand not without you, I'm sure I can sit,
In P——l——t too, tho' bereft of my Feet.

HEELS.

Do you twit us with that ? You have Reason, we
hear,
We danc'd with the Wives, or you had not been there ;
But to dash you at once, let us tell you, 'tis said,
That some have sat there without any Head.

HEAD.

Gad's Curse ! and that's true ; so a Word in your
Ear,
To oblige you for once, —— Here, Boy, call a
Chair.
Lets us henceforth together, like wise Men agree ;
I'll strive to set you off ; you shall set off me.

*To POLLY, at the Chop house, behind the Royal
Exchange.*

DEAR *Polly*, Emblem of thy Chop house Ware,
As Broth reviving, and as white Bread fair ;
As small Beer grateful, and as Pepper strong ;
As Beef-stake tender, as fresh Pot-herbs young ;
As sharp as Knife, and piercing as a Fork ;
Soft as new Butter, white as fairest Pork ;
Sweet as young Mutton, brisk as bottled Beer ;
Smooth as is Oil, juicy as Cucumber ;
And bright as Cruet void of Vinegar.

O *Polly* ! could I turn and shift my Love,
With the same Skill that you your stakes can move ;

My

My Heart! thus cook'd might prove a Chop-house
Feast,

And you alone should be the welcome Guest.

But, dearest *Pol!* the Flames that you impart,
Like Chop on Gridiron, broil my tender Heart,
Which, if thy kindly helping Hand ben't nigh,
Must, like an unturn'd Chop, hiss, burn, and fry;
And must, at least, thou Scorcher of my Soul!
Shrink, and become an undistinguish'd Coal.

YO U beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's Nobody at Home.

On a stingy Beau.

CURIO's rich Side-board seldom sees the Light;
Clean is his Kitchen, and his Spits are bright;
His Knives and Spoons, all rang'd in even Rows,
No Hands molest, or Fingers discompose:
A curious Jack, hung up to please the Eye,
For ever still, whose Flyers never fly;
His Plates unsully'd, shining on the Shelf;
For *Curio* dresses nothing but himself.

Epitaph on a talkative old Maid.

BENEATH this silent Stone is laid,
A noisy antiquated Maid,
Who, from her Cradle, talk'd till Death,
And ne'er before was out of Breath;
Whither she's gone we cannot tell,
For if she talks not, she's in Hell;
If she's in Heav'n, she's there unblest,
Because she hates a Place of Rest.

The Rapture.

CRY'D *Strepson*, panting in *Maria's* Arms
I die, bright Nymph, I die amidst your Charms!
Chear up, dear Youth, reply'd the Maid,
Dissolv'd in am'rous Pain,
All Men must die, (bright Boy you know)
E'er they can rise again.

Epitaph

Epitaph on a Gentleman who died by taking Cantharides.

HERE old Grubbinol lies,
 Upon very odd Terms ;
 First a Prey to the Flies,
 Now a Prey to the Worms :
 Let those who grieve for him not wonder he's flown,
 For the Carcass must rot, when the Flesh is fly-blown ;
 Yet this may be said in his Praise,
 Tho' Death, cruel Death from us tore him,
 He died by endeavouring to raise,
 His Friend who lay dead before him.

BRUSH says I publish jingling Rhimes,
 And all my Verses sound like Chimes :
 One Line he quoted from my Song,
 And cry'd " Here goes ding dong a dong."
 Still let him give me such Dispraise,
 I'll say no more than Proverb says :
 As noisy Bells in Steeples clink
 So noisy Fools will often think.

*Written on a Glass by a Gentleman who borrow'd the
 Earl of Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil.*

ACCEPT a Miracle, instead of Wit ;
 See two dull Lines by Stanhope's Pencil writ.

The Musical Contest.

SOME say that Signior Nononcini,
 Compar'd to Handel's a mere Ninny ;
 Others aver, that to him Handel
 Is scarcely fit to hold a Candle,
 Strange, that such high Disputes should be,
 'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

A Lame Beggar.

IAM unable, yonder Beggar cries,
 To stand or move ; if he says true, he lies.

On

On Mr. Cornelius Martin, a contented Cuckold.

NIGRELIO leads a marry'd Life,
Not with his own, but's Neighbour's Wife;
Cornelius knows it to be thus,
But he's *Cornelius Tacitus*.

Epitaph on the late Duke of ———, commonly called Bugg.

HERE lies beneath this silent Bed of Grafs,
A Man, a Mouse, a Monkey, and an Afs;
A Dog, a T——d; Invention can't exprefs,
Such Heaps of Nonsense, and Confusedness;
Such mingled Metals heretofore did never,
Nature, nor Art, cast in a Mould together:
A Man by Substance, with some Human Shape,
A Mouse by Courage, and by Face an Ape;
An Afs by Conduct; he was, in a Word,
A Dog by snarling, and by smell a T——d.

On Women.

WOMEN are Books, and Men the Readers be,
In whom oft' Times they great *Errata* see;
Here sometimes we a Blot, there we espy,
A Leaf misplac'd, at least a Line awry;
If they are Books, I wish that my Wife were,
An Almanack, to change her ev'ry Year.

On a certain Writer.

HALF of your Book is to an Index grown:
You give your Book Contents, your Reader
none.

On a famous Toast.

ONE Stone now keeps *Kitty* down,
Who when alive mov'd half the Stones in Town.

On a Prize-Fighter.

HIS Thrusts like Light'ning flew, yet subtle Death,
Parried them all, and beat him out of Breath.
A WOMAN

A WOMAN is a Book, and often found,
To prove far better in the Sheets than bound ;
No Wonder then, some Students take Delight,
Above all Things to study in the Night.

A Receipt for Courtship.

TWO or three Dears, and two or three Sweets,
Two or three Balls, and two or three Treats ;
Two or three Serenades given as a Lure ;
Two or three Oaths how much they endure ;
Two or three Messages sent in one Day ;
Two or three Times led out from a Play, }
Two or three soft Speeches made by the Way ;
Two or three Tickets for two or three Times ;
Two or three Love-Letters, writ all in Rhimes ;
Two or three Months keeping strict to these Rules,
Can never fail making a Couple of Fools.

On C. du Vall, the Highwayman.

HERE comes *du Vall* ; Stranger, if Male thou art,
Look to thy Purse ; if Female, to thy Heart :
Much Havock he has made in both ; for all
The Men he makes to stand ; the Women fall.

A LADY, lately, that was fully sped
Of all the Pleasures of the Marriage-Bed,
Ask'd a Physician, whether were more fit,
For Venus' Sports, the Morning or the Night ?
The good old Man made Answer, as 'twas meet,
The Morn more wholesome, but the Night more
sweet.

Nay then, i'faith, quoth she, since we have Leisure,
We'll to't each Morn for Health, each Night for Plea-
sure.

PAUL so fond of the Name of a Poet is grown,
With Gold he buys Verses, and calls them his
own :

Go on, Master *Paul*, nor mind what the World says ;
They are surely his own, for which a Man pays.

SAYS Sir *John* to my Lady, as together they sat,
My Dear, shall we sup first, or do you know
what?

With an innocent Smile, reply'd the good Lady :
Sir *John*, what you please ; — but Supper's not
ready.

On a chaste Maid.

HERE lies the Body of a beauteous Maid,
Whose secret Parts no Man did e'er invade ;
Scarce her own Hand she wou'd admit to touch,
That Virgin Spring, altho' it itch'd so much.
She dy'd at eighteen Years of Age, and then,
She gave to Worms what she deny'd to Men ;
But 'twas her last Request, with dying Groans,
To have no Tomb at all, if built with Stones ;
Such vig'rous Things she always us'd to wave,
And fear'd they would disturb her in her Grave.

Death made easy.

IF Death must come, as oft as Breath departs,
Then he must often die, who often farts :
And if to die is but to lose one's Breath,
Then Death's a Fart ; and so a Fart for Death.

*A Lady wrote upon a Window some Verses, intimating
her Design of never marrying ; a Gentleman wrote
these Lines underneath :*

THE Lady who this Resolution took,
Wrote it on Glass, to shew it should be broke.

GIVE me a Girl (if one I needs must meet)
Or in her Nuptial, or her Winding-sheet.
I know but two good Hours that Women have ;
One in the Bed, another in the Grave.
This, of the whole Sex, all I would desire,
Is, to enjoy their Ashes, or their Fire.

PAULUS

PAULUS, the famous Quack, renown'd afar,
 For killing more than Pestilence or War,
 Of late in Orders, is a Curate made,
 And buries People ——— not to change his Trade.

T A R - W A T E R

RECREATES the Brain, and exhilarates the
 Animal Spirits, rejoiceth the Sight, openeth the
 Appetite, delighteth, the Taste, comforteth the Heart,
 tickleth the Tongue, cheareth the Countenance, strik-
 ing a fresh and lively Colour; strengtheneth the Muscles,
 tempers the Blood, refresheth the Liver, de-obstructs
 the Spleen, easeth the Kidneys, suppleth the Reins,
 quickens the Joints of the Back, cleanseth the Urine
 Conduit, dilates the spermatic Vessels, purgeth the
 Bladder, puffeth up the Genitals, correcteth the Pre-
 puce, hardens the Nut, and Rectifies the Members: It
 will make you have a current Belly to fart, dung, piss,
 sneeze, cough, spit, belch, spue, yawn, snuff, blow,
 breathe, and sweat; with a thousand other Advan-
 tages.

*An Inventory of the FURNITURE of a certain PLAYER's
 STUDY.*

SPIRITS of right *Nantes* Brandy, for lambent
 Flames and Apparitions.

Three Bottles and an half of Lightening, and one
 Shower of Snow, for *Lear*.

A Sea, consisting of a dozen large Waves.

A dozen and a half of Clouds, trimmed with
 black.

A Rainbow,

A Set of Clouds, after the *French* Mode, streaked
 with Lightening and furbelowed.

A New Moon, something decayed.

An Imperial Mantle, made for *Cyrus the Great*,
 and worn by *Julius Cæsar*, *Bajazet*, and *K. Harry* the
 Eighth,

B 4

A Basket;

A Basket-hilted Sword, very convenient to carry Milk in.

Roxana's Night-gown.

Othello's Handkerchief.

The Whiskers of a *Turkish* Bassia.

The Completion of a Murderer, in a Band-box; consisting of a large Piece of burnt Cork, and a coal-black Peruke.

A Suit of Cloaths for a Ghost, viz. a bloody Shirt, a Doublet curiously pinked, and a Coat with three great Eye-let Holes upon the Breast.

Modern Plots, commonly known by the Name of Trap-doors, Ladders of Ropes, Vizzard-masks, and Tables with broad Carpets over them.

Materials for Dancing, as Drums, Flutes, and *French* Music.

Aurengzebe's Scymitar.

There are also Swords, Halberts, Sheep hooks, Cardinals Hats, Turbans, Gallipots, a Rack, a Cart-wheel, an Helmet, a Back-piece, a Breast-plate, a Bell, a Tub, and a jointed Baby.

A Deceased BEAU'S INVENTORY.

A Very rich Tweezer-case, containing twelve Instruments for the Use of each Hour in the Day.

Four Pounds of scented Snuff; with Three gilt Snuff-boxes; one of them with an invisible Hinge, and a Looking-glass in the Lid.

Two more of Ivory, with the Portraits on their Lids of two Ladies of the Town.

A Sword with a Steel Diamond Hilt.

Six clean Packs of Cards.

A Quart of Orange-flower Water, a Pair of *French* Scissars, a Tooth-pick Case, and an Eye-brow Brush.

A large Glass-Case, containing the Linen and Cloaths of the Deceased; among which are two embroidered Suits, a Pocket-Perspective, a dozen Pair of red-heel'd Shoes, three Pair of red silk Stockings, and an Amber-headed Cane.

The strong Box of the Deceased, wherein were found five Billet-doux, a *Bath* Shilling, a crooked Six-pence, a silk

a filk Garter, a Lock of Hair, and three broken Fans.

A Prefs for Books ; containing :

On the Upper Shelf.

Three Bottles of Diet-drink.

Two Boxes of Pills.

A Syringe, and other mathematical Instruments.

On the second Shelf are several Miscellaneous Works; as;

Lampoons,

Plays.

Conundrums, And

An Almanack for the Year 1700.

On the Third Shelf.

A Bundle of Letters.

Lessons for the Flute.

Toland's Christianity Not Mystrious, And

A Paper filled with Patterns of several fashionable Stuffs.

On the lowest Shelf.

One Shoe.

A Pair of Snuffers.

A *French* Grammar.

A mourning Hat-band. And

Half a Bottle of *Usquebaugh*.

The COUNTRY CHRISTENING.

A Grand Proceſſion, and a Babe, I ſing ;
 Sacred to God, from holy *Jordan's* Spring ;
 Thou chaſte *Diana*, hear the Bard deſcant,
 The Child-bed Labours. and the Midwife quaint ;
 Thou *Juno*, conſcious of the teeming Cares,
 Approve the Songſter, and aſſiſt his Prayers.

Now twice five Suns repell'd the dewy Morn ;
 With gilded Rays, ſince firſt the Child was born ;
 When ſtrait th' aſſembled Neighbours flock to ſee
 The Infant ſqualling on the Nurſe's Knee ;

Here various Gossips different Arts employ,
 Some dress the Feast, whilst others dress the Boy.
 Anxious they hie, while to the Font they came,
 With Christian Water give the Babe a Name.
 Mean while the Farmer leaves his rural Care,
 And round his Fields unfinish'd Toils appear ;
 Here, half-plash'd Hedges, sadly at a stand,
 Forlornly left, invite the Plasher's Hand ;
 Now there, alas ! uncertain Dikes are found,
 And *Roger's* Spade sticks idly in the Ground,
 Whilst he in *Sunday's* Jacket gay appears,
 And 'midst his Louts adjusts his matted Hairs.
 Not less his *Peggy* joins her *Roger's* Haste ;
 With silken Girdle binds her taper Waist ;
 Her slender Waist with the neat Bandage shone,
 'Tho' from her Fingers woolly Toils have run ;
 Spruce in each Part her cleanly Garments set,
 And on her Head erects her high-crown'd Hat ;
 Her Locks, with Barley-flour half grown white,
 With Skill she strews, to please her *Roger's* Sight.
 Now for the Journey all the Guests provide,
 Some walk the Plain, and some prepare to ride ;
 The jaded Steeds, with threefold Burthens, tire,
 And scarcely drag their Legs from out the Mire ;
 The lusty Dames, on Pillions plac'd behind,
 O'er-charg'd with fat, now load the Palfrey Kind :
Peggy's entrusted to her *Roger's* Care,
 Whose folding Arms embrace his falling Dear :
 See how, o'erspent, her Colour comes and goes,
 While *Roger's* Arms support his fainting Spouse,
 With Joy to Mother Earth his Charge restores,
 Then safe conducts her to the wish'd-for Doors.
 Now enter'd ev'ry Guest the Childbed Room,
 Whom *Lydia* kindly welcomes as they come.
 With Compliments the Gossip Tribe harangues,
 While o'er her whiter Breasts a Night-rail hangs ;
 Plac'd on a Cushion, in her Elbow Chair,
 Sits painful, brooding o'er a Mother's Care :
 The goodly Matrons on the Infant tend ;
 Its Wit they praise, and ev'ry Look commend.

Some

Some lull the Babe, some hug, some chat, the rest
Play with it's Mouth, and shake the Bantling's Fist:

"Look! look!" says one: "Behold! (another cries)
"The Father's Nose!" "See, see! (a third replies)
"'T has Granny's Cheeks, and Mother's n'own
bright Eyes." }

The Grandame then her long kept silence broke,
With Pleasure smil'd, and with a Cough she spoke.

"The Father thus (if I remember right)
"Thus look'd and laught with innocent Delight,
"When dandled in his Nurse's Arms he smil'd,
"He look'd the very Picture of this Child.
"O may'st thou grow thy Grandame's other Joy,
"And than thy Sire more fertile Fields employ:
"O may'st thou live to combat on the Green,
"Some few Years hence, thou like thy Dad be seen:
"O may'st thou, wrestling, fling each sturdy Swain,
"And be a little Monarch of the Plain;
"Then shalt thou wear the Hat thy Strength has won,
"And shout the Vict'ry, and the Prize thy own.
"O may some *Phillis* then thy Sweetheart prove,
"And kindle in thy Breast a glorious Love.
"But if my Harvest yellows in my Fields,
"And bounteous Nature large Increasements yields,
"Will but thy Sire consent, thou ne'er shalt know
"To goad the Steers, or guide the crooked Plough;
"But thou, exalted to some high Degree,
"May'r of thy Town, believe me, thou shalt be:
"Thou, with thy Train of Aldermen shall go,
"Shalt gravely look, and walk, in Triumph, slow,
"While City Maces thy Distinction show." }

With one Consent the Gossips all approve
The worthy Purpose, and the Grandame's Love.
When *Mopsa*, for sagacious Judgment known,
Ordains this Boy a Daughter of her own,
Of equal Parts, nor yet inferior Age:
And, trust me, *Mopsa* is a female Sage.
At length the Matrons march, a goodly Band;
Proud of her Burthen, *Lucy* sweeps the Sand;
Careful the Infant in her Arms she bears,
And with a Mantle veils its tender Years.

At Church arriv'd, with bended Joints they kneel
 In holy Order, round the sacred Well :
 When from the Priest baptismal Drops o'erspread
 The helpless Youngling's consecrated Head ;
 These Rites perform'd, divinely good proclaim
 The Babe a Christian, with it's Father's Name.
 The Bantling cries ; the Matrons, from its Tears,
 Pronounce it's Life, and prophecy it's Years.
 Mean while, at Home confus'dly all prepare
 To deck the Mansion, with a studious Care :
 Some rub the Dressers, others sweep the Hall,
 Brush the low Ceiling and the mouldy Wall ;
 The Earthen Platters on the Cupboard gay,
 In nicest Rank and Order they display ;
 With curious Sculpture does the Cupboard shine
 In good old Oak, the Workmanship divine.
 They spread the Linnen o'er the brighten'd Board,
 A Napkin to each Trencher they afford.
 Now Spiders mourn their nicest Webs destroy'd,
 Which o'er the Window late extended wide,
 For *Bridget's* Besom left no Nook untry'd. }
 They move the Holy Bible from it's Place,
 To dust the Window where the Bible was ;
 And *Durfey's* Rhymes, by hungry Vermin eat,
 Are basely thrown beneath the Servants' Feet.
 Nor less confus'd the Cooks and Scullions haste,
 To tempt the Gossips with a rich Repast :
 Some stir the Flames and fiery Rage provoke,
 While the Pot, boiling, rises into Smoke :
 Some spit the Beef and others turn the Spit ;
 With ardent Haste they jostle as they meet.
 Now grievous Light offends the feather'd Throng :
 The cooing Pigeon moans her martyr'd young.
 Now various Fowls lament their bitter Fates,
 While Turkeys, Ducks, and Pheasants wail their Mates ;
 Now o'er the Orchard moaps the Hen alone,
 Her tender Brood, alas ! destroy'd and gone.
 Here one with Garnish decks the noble Cheer ;
 Another blends the Raisins ; Puddings there,
 Here one the stately Walls of Paste uprears,
 Which others line with Apples, Plumbs, and Pears.

On the first Threshold, *Robin*, laid along,
 Sharpens the Knives, and bellows out a Song:
 When as the Labours of the Kitchen burn,
 The hungry Gossips all from Church return.
 The Feast prepar'd, all silently sit down,
 Without a Word, for Grace, indeed, they' ad none.
 Plac'd at the Head, the Mistress of the Feast
 Prepares to carve, and help each bidden Guest:
 To ev'ry one a Plate of Beef she sends,
 In rank and order to her home-spun Friends.
 Thus round the Board they feast, they chat, they laugh,
 And flowing Bumpers merrily they quaff;
 In softest Ease and Wine their Cares they drown,
 And lose a while the Labours once their own.
 Now 'gan the Rage of *Lucy's* Jeers to shine,
 Born of her Brain, begot by parent Wine:
 Keenly the sluggard Husband she inveighs,
 Who study Sleep, nor propagate their Race;
 With gybing Satire flows her Serpent Tongue,
 And, spite of Years, her active Voice is young.
 " Oh! shameful Herd of lazy Louts! (she says)
 " Within whose Hall no Son nor Daughter plays;
 " Whose childish Gewgaws ev'ry Ev'ning charm
 " The weary Dad, returning from his Farm;
 " Whose harmless Chat sweet Innocence affords,
 " And join their Kisses with their Father's Words.
 " But oh! the Brutes and Sluggards, as they are,
 " Pretend, forsooth, to loath the Nuptial Care.
 " Oh! that our Laws some penal Pain would chuse,
 " To vex the sterile Husbands, who abuse
 " The Gifts of Nature, and neglect their Spouse.
 " Long live the Man, and peaceful rest his Bones,
 " Who counts his Years of Wedlock by his Sons!"
 Thus spoke the Dame, with Thirst and Rage o'er-
 come;
 Drinks, and withdraws into a private Room.
 In gleeful Guise the Swains and Nymphs take leave,
 While mutual Hearts and mutual Hands they weave.
 One with his Staff directs his sober Pace;
 His trusty Steed another Lout conveys.

This

This Swain uxorious, leads his buxom Spouse,
 And Arm in Arm the hen-peck'd Cuckold goes.
 The Sire exulting, bids his Friends farewell,
 In next *December*, if I right can tell,
 He says; again in one revolving Year,
 My fruitful *Lydia* will a Daughter bear,
 When with the Year we will our Feast renew;
 Neighbours, farewell, only till then Adieu!
 The Matrons, laughing, hear his jocund Tale,
 And wish his P—— and Purse may never fail.

F A B L E S.

The FOX and the MASK.

A FOX a Player's Room survey'd,
 And all the Gimcracks of his Trade;
 At last, a handsome Mask he found,
 And as he turn'd the Bauble round,
 'This Face, said he, is trimly done;
 But Brains! ay Brains! alas here's none!
 Beauty is but a poor Pretence,
 When unaccompany'd with Sense.

The SWAGGERER.

A Braggadocio, void of Sense,
 But full of Pride and Impudence,
 Bounces amidst the Crowd, and boasts
 Of great Exploits on Foreign Coasts;
 And there thought fit, amongst the rest,
 To mention this, as much the best;
 At *Rhodes* he jump'd to such a Length,
 That none to reach him had the Strength;
 Of which, — quoth he, — tho' strange the Thing;
 Were I but there — such Proof I'd bring:
 Such Proof! cries one — To make it plain,
 'Think you're at Rhodes — and jump again.
 Words feintly prove a doubtless Fact:
 An Act demonstrates less an Act.

The CHEAT and APOLLO.

A MAN of Art, who vainly thought,
 He had so high his Cunning wrought,
 That Heav'n itself might be deceiv'd
 To prove it Truth, what he believed,
 A Sparrow brought to *Delphos*' Shrine,
 Close in his Hand with this Design,
 To ask if it were dead or no:
 Whereby he thought his Craft to shew.
 For if the Oracle had said,
 Alive: — He then would squeeze it dead;
 If dead: — He meant to let it fly,
 And leave the God without Reply.
Apollo scorn'd such Tricks as these:
 It is, said he, just as you please.

Can there a Notion be more odd,
 Than his, who thinks of cheating God?

The DROWN'D WIFE and her HUSBAND.

A N honest Man, whose Wife was drown'd,
 Being careful that her Corps was found,
 Sought it himself; but as they say,
 In a most strange and aukward Way:
 Against the Stream as he went on,
 His Neighbours kindly told the Clown,
 That Bodies with the current go,
 And that he ought to search below:
 Ay, ay, cry'd he, but my old Wife
 Walk'd still contrary thro' her Life;
 And tho' she's dead I dare to say,
 She yet holds on her wayward Way.

A fullen and ill-natur'd Dame,
 In all she does is still the same.

R I D D L E S.

I AM of a Nature so subtle
 That if 'tis not luted with Care,
 The Spitit will work thro' the Bottle,
 And vanish away into Air :
 To keep it, there's nothing so hard is,
 'Twill go between waking and sleeping ;
 The simple too weak for a Guard is,
 And no Wit would be plagu'd with the Keeping.

A MAIDEN-HEAD.

WHAT Fortune gives, I wear in State ;
 A little Thing does make me great,
 All admire me when I wear it,
 Yet Cares attend all those that bear it.

A CROWN on a King's Head.

I View the World in little Space,
 Am always restless, changing Place ;
 No Food I eat, but by my Power,
 Procure what Millions do devour.

The SUN.

OF Mirth the Parent and the Child of Art,
 A Stranger to myself in every Part ;
East-India has a Native in my Breast,
 The *West* my Softness and my Fire the *East* ;
 While kinder Climes, my Vertues to compleat,
 Quickened my Mildness, and corrected my Heat :
 Thus perfect, yet Humility I shew,
 The more I am admir'd the less I grow.
 My faithful Friends upon my Ruin thrive,
 And see me dying as they grow alive.

PUNCH.

I AM an Implement that's common,
 Much occupy'd by Man and Woman ;

Not

Not very thick, nor very long,
 Yet tolerable stiff and strong :
 If Inches twelve may give Content,
 That Measure's much about my Stint ;
 E'en tho' the Knack of Circumcision
 Hath somewhat alter'd my Condition.
 Sometimes I'm only us'd for Pleasure,
 And then I'm jaded out of Measure ;
 If a young vig'reus Bard employs me,
 Egad e'en to the Stump he tries me ;
 A Parson, to get one in Ten,
 In private plies me now and then ;
 The Lawyer, and the Doctor too,
 For Fees will wear me black and blue ;
 For Length of Time I've done't, and still,
 Bring Store of Grist to either's Mill.
 I have a dribbling at the Nose,
 Which leaves a Stain where'er it goes,
 And yet the fairest Nymph will use me,
 The Queen herself did not refuse me ;
 I'm us'd by Numbers of all Arts,
 Who wou'd be reckon'd Men of Parts ;
 And none esteems a Lady polish'd,
 Who has not often me demolish'd ;
 And let me tell you, by the by,
 A Minute's Labour drains me dry :
 I'm now exhausted, so have done ;
 Now, who, or what I am make known.

A PEN.

TH O' a good Soul I have, yet I can't hope to be
 fav'd,
 And in this World from first to the last am enslav'd ;
 With Irons they torture and tear my poor Hide,
 And send me out naked ; yet such is my Pride,
 That in every Assembly I strive for the Lead,
 Tho' it must be confess'd, I am far from the Head ;
 My Office the basest, my Food of the worst,
 And tho' cram'd with raw Flesh 'till I'm ready to
 burst.
 Shou'd I offer to pouch am most damnably curst ;

For

For my Learning it will a mere Paradox shew,
 Tho' I understand great Things, yet nothing I know.
 Tho' thus mean in myself, even Kings I support,
 Have Access to the Fair, and familiar at Court,
 And at Balls have the principal Share in the Sport. }

A SHOE.

I HAVE not to boast of much Honour and Wit;
 The Thing that I'm priz'd for, is mostly a Slit;
 I'm black at the Bottom; but if you look higher,
 I'm as white and as smooth as a Man can desire,
 To the Lover's soft Passion, I often give Ease,
 Who wriggle me up and down just as they please.
 By Turns I every Man's Humour can suit,
 The King, Lords and Commons, and Bishops to
 Boot, }
 Who finger me stoutly, whene'er they come to it
 At first tho' perhaps for one's Use I was made,
 Yet if more should try me, they'd find me no Jade:
 I cut a great Figure throughout the whole Nation,
 And give all your Hearts in their Turns Palpitation.

A PEN.

Æ N I G M A S.

MY Sire is Av'rice, Idleness my Dam;
 Tho' rais'd from Rags, a Train of Kings I
 claim.

Queens to my Will submissive stand prepar'd;
 The Great *Mogul* even deigns to be my Guard.
 Gay splendid Robes of various Dyes I wear;
 No Wealth I boast, yet deck'd with Gems appear.
 Continual War I wage without Expence,
 A Gard'ners Tool I use in my Defence.
 My Heart with Native Ardour ever glows,
 And arm'd like *Hercules* I dare the Foes;
 Swift fly the Hours, while I the Hours employ,
 At once the Source of Madness, Grief, and Joy;

I rest

I rest by Day, neglected, and retir'd,
 By Night I shine, by all Degrees admir'd ;
 For me, the Gay, the Grave can Time afford,
 Alike carefs'd by Porter, and by Lord ;
 For me, fair *Celia* quits her Husband's Arms,
 And gives whole Nights to my superior Charms !
 Anxious for me, her lovely Bosom heaves,
 Me, at the Dawn, she with Reluctance leaves :
 Oft' to my Aid the needy Villain flies ;
 The wealthy Fool oft' falls my Sacrifice ;
 The Sick I ease, yet oft' produce much Evil ;
 The Clergy's Darling ; Darling of the Devil !
 Patriots themselves my Favours don't despise,
 Tho' nearly I'm related to the Excise.
 Brave Sons of *Mars* in War with me delight,
 And toil and struggle thro' the well-fought Night ;
 In liquid Sulphur drench'd, my Death I find,
 And dying I am useful to Mankind.

QUADRILLE.

FROM Heaven at first with *Lucifer* I fell ;
 But left him in his Passage down to Hell ;
 Man entertain'd and lodg'd me in his Breast,
 And none without me can have Ease or Rest :
 I am the Staff of Age, the sick Man's Health,
 The Pris'ner's Freedom, and the poor Man's Wealth ;
 And tho' some call me false, and others vain,
 I laid the Way to what all seek again ;
 No Man without me wou'd a Mistress court,
 Nor cross the Seas unto a Foreign Port :
 I've told you what, and whence I came,
 Now tell me, if you can, what is my Name.

HOPE.

WHAT's that in which good Huswives take De-
 light ?
 Which tho' it has no Legs will stand upright ;
 'Tis often us'd, both Sexes must agree,
 Beneath the Navel, yet above the Knee ;

At

At th' End it has a Hole; 'tis stiff and strong,
 Thick as a Maiden's Wrist, and pretty long.
 To a soft Place 'tis very oft' apply'd,
 And make the Thing 'tis us'd to, still more wide.
 The Women love to wriggle it to and fro,
 That what lies under may the wider grow.
 By giddy Sluts sometimes it is abus'd;
 But by good Housewives rubb'd before 'tis us'd,
 That it may fitter for their Purpose be,
 When they to occupy the same are free.
 Now tell me merry Ladies if you can,
 What this must be that is no Part of Man.

A ROWLING PIN.

TH O' I never was born, yet came I by Smock-
 ing,
 And like all Mankind was engendred by kn——g;
 I'm the Emblem of Chastity, yet, in all Nations,
 I'm sometimes employ'd to promote Fornications;
 But with Fingers alone I can't be contented,
 An Instrument longer, by Nature's invented,
 Which opens at one End, and's frizzled at t'other,
 With Matter and Motion oft' makes me a Mother,
 For when thus compress'd, I'm sure to be pregnant,
 And my Offspring exceeds that of *Muly*, late Regnant.
 All Places alike I've explor'd, and have been,
 At once in a Bog-house and Hands of a Queen.
 I visit Folks often, when least they're expecting,
 E'en since you've been reading these Lines and reflect-
 ing,
 What a strange Thing I am, I've encreas'd your Vex-
 ation,
 And perplex'd, by my Presence, your deep Contem-
 plation.

PAPER.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

A Love Letter from a Country Schoolmaster, to a Lady of his Affections.

Dear Madam,

IF there be yet no *Preposition* towards a *Conjunction* with you, be pleased to accept of this *Interjection* of my Pretences; for I do *pronouns ad verbum*, that I desire to be *adjective* to you in all *Cases*, for *positively* declare, that, *comparatively* speaking, I should be *superlatively* happy, might I *engender* with you in all *Moods* and *Tenses*. I hope you will not think me so *singular*, as not to desire to have the *plural Number* in my Family; or that I am too *masculine* to be *neuter* in regard to the *feminine Gender*. Wherefore, dear Madam, let us have our Affections in *common of two*. Far be it from you to *decline* this *Conjugation*, though I am not the *first Person*, nor the *second*, nor the *third*, that have solicited you to be *subjunctive* to his Love. I presume you will not be in the *Imperative*, whilst I pass from the *Optative* to the *Potential*; and that you will permit me to make a *Conjunction copulative* of my *Propria quæ maribus* with your *As in præ-senti*: This will make a *Participle* of Happiness, if you please *actively* to give your *Voice* to be *passive* herein. Be you but *supine*, and I'll be *deponent*; thus you will find it the *optative* Part of my Soul, to be a lawful *Concord* with the *Genitive*; my whole Income shall be a *Dative* to you for the *present*; nothing shall be *accusative* against you for the *future*; and your dear Name shall ever be my *Vocative*, till Death, the great *Ablative* of all Things, parts us.

ALET-

A LETTER to M—— H——

Giving an Account how he surprized a famous Miss of the Town, dining at her Lodgings, in an Undress, with two of her female Companions.

WELL, I have the most comical Adventure in the World to recount to thee, that's certain; ha! ha! ha! I shall kill myself, I think, with laughing at it, 'tis so ridiculous: Give me leave to recover a little out of this Fit, and then, dear Rogue, thou shalt hear all. ——— Know then, ——— but this wicked Fit again interrupts me, ——— Well then, to be serious, ——— Know, that between the Hours of Twelve and One To-day, having gone through my whole Circle of Morning Visits, I bolted unawares into the divine *Belinda's* Chamber, where I saw a Sight enough to ——— Pardon me, dear *Toney*; I am so tickled with the Idea of it, that I must take t'other Dose of Laughter, before I can stir a step farther — to have made the morosest Cynic in the World forfeit all his Gravity. A Plague on her, you know the divine *Belinda*, well enough, that ill natur'd saucy Harlot, that comes every Night so spruced up and prim to the Playhouse: She that has been the subject of so many Sonnets, and deified by so many confounded Poets; she that is never without a Train of Marquisses, Lords, and Knights, and a numberless Litter of subaltern Puppies to hunt her from the Pit to the Side-box, and back again from the Side-box to the Pit. Well, and what of her? you'll cry. Why, as I told you before, I bolted unawares into her Chamber, and surprized her, with two of the Sisterhood, at a small Collation.

The Devil of a Napkin, or Table-cloth, was to be seen before them: No Pagan Ragoust, nor high-flown Kickshaw, but a Platter of humble Sprats, attended by six boil'd Eggs in a crack'd Earthen Pipkin, a Dab of Salt Butter stuck upon the Corner of the Table, and a Handful of Salt wrapped up in the greasy Fragments of an old News Paper: Their Commodes and Smocks were washing below, by the Landlady of the House.

Judge

Judge then what a rueful Figure they made in this Dishabillee, with their Hair about their Shoulders, and their Udders swagging down to their Navels. The Furniture of the Room was every Way answerable to the Entertainment: For, let me see, ——— there stood that necessary Utensil called a Piss-pot, brimful in the Chimney; a battered Band-box, upon a broken-back'd Chair; the Skeleton of a Fan, with a Tooth-brush, a Powder-puff, and a Box of Pomatum in the Closet; a Row of Pins, with the *Academy of Compliments*, and one of *Durfey's* Song-books, in the Window; and, lastly, two or three little Deal Boxes, upon the Mantle-tree, which, I hope in the Lord, had Turpentine Pills in them. The Ladies blush'd and so did I; then down Stairs they flew, without speaking a Word, and I after them, but lost them in some of their subterranean Catacombs. No sooner was I got into the Street, but I made Abundance of moral Reflections upon what I had seen: These impudent Devils, said I to myself, that look so charming by Candle-light, bless me! what sorry Doudies they are in their Undress; and how scurvily do they fare at home, who are so nice, forsooth, and so squeamish at the Tavern! Well, I am resolv'd to undeceive all Mankind, and communicate my Discoveries to them. With this virtuous Resolution, I went to all the Chocolate-houses I knew, to find out my Acquaintance, and unbosom myself to them: but not meeting a single Soul there, I repaired to my Lodgings, and could not rest till I had imparted this blessed News to thee. I can't foretel how this Letter will edify with you; though if you take a right Use on't, it may prove a better Antidote against Whoring, than a Month's Penance in Love's powdering Tub. ——— But as for *Belinda*, the next Time I see her Ladyship in the Side-box, if she's not as civil and humble as one of her own Calling before a surley Justice, take my Word for't, I'll proclaim the Nakedness of her Land to all her adorers.

Farewel.

To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq; Censor of Great-Britain, Student in Physic, &c.

Wadham College, Oxon. Dec. 1.

THOUGH I happened to be descended from a melancholy Father, and a hypochondriac Mother; I was not, till my fortieth Year, made sensible that Infirmities of this kind are communicated from Parents to their Children. 'Twas about the Time the College Clock running mightily in my Head, I could not help fancying myself to be so nearly related to it, that I was obliged not to speak but when that struck: My Cousin, the Clock, happening soon after to be down with a Disorder, I heard nothing of him for a Week together, during which Time I could not be prevailed upon to speak one Syllable; and it being my Turn to read a Public Lecture, I was forced to send my Excuse in Writing.

This Fit going off, I was Myself for half a Year afterwards: But sitting much by the Common Room Fire, I had a strange Fancy that I was a Poker; and if any body talked of filling a Pipe, I immediately moved off for fear they should make Use of me to light it: Upon the least Indisposition, I had no Notion of going to any body but the Smith to be mended. After this I took myself for the College Gate, and lay under a constant Apprehension of being severely thumped at all Hours in the Night. Would you think it, Sir? at last this Whim went so far, that I verily believed myself to be your Paper, *The Tatler*; though I had sometimes the Pleasure of thinking that I was mightily commended; at others, I had inexpressible Fears; I fancied that a Friend of mine, who had taken Physic, was looking for me high and low, on a very unworthy Occasion; and was wonderfully delighted when my Brother, *The Gazette*, was made use of in my stead. I was often vexed at my Heart to be hung almost all over with Advertisements of Insurances, Morning-Gowns, Lap-Dogs, and Lottery-Tickets; and now
and

and then had terrible Uneasiness for having made bold with my Betters, being at length pretty well recovered of this Fit, I thought it adviseable to come to *London*, and take Care of my Health; but as I was going to the Coach, to my great Surprize, I found myself turn'd into a Foot-Ball, and at the Mercy of a Pack of Scoundrels, who, without any Regard to the Dignity of my former Characters, kick'd me from one End of the Street to the other. During this last Misfortune I have been made the unwilling Instrument of breaking many Windows, and once of flying in the Face of a Civil Magistrate; for this Reason I am, as you may very well imagine, asham'd to shew my Head; and being, from my spherical Figure, incapable of writing myself, I have begg'd a Friend, to consult you, in my Name, upon this my deplorable Condition, and to tell you, that I hope, in some Time, I shall be able to assure you of my being my own Man, and

Your most obliged,

And most humble Servant

PETER PROTEUS.

A NURSE'S SPEECH to an Alderman's Child, while she was undressing it; taken down in Writing from her own Mouth.

Child cries.

Nurse sings. { *Lully Baby bunting,*
Father's gone a-bunting.

“ **D** I D S 'em, dids em vex my Child? What
 “ does my Child cry for? Did 'em take my
 “ Child's Hobby-horse? O! de Blessing on it, 'tshall
 “ have it den again, and ride abroad with it's nown
 “ Pappa;—Go, naughty Daddy, go; What! ride
 “ abroad and not take its nown Child with it; we'll
 “ tell Mamma;—It shall be a Lord Mayor itself some
 “ Time or other, and ride in its nown Coach, ay, that
 “ it shall, and its old Nurse shall ride with it.” [*Child*
cries louder] “ Hush-aden! Hush-aden! won't it be a

C

“ Lord

“ Lord Mayor ? It shan’t be a Lord Mayor ; it shall
 “ be any Thing so it won’t cry so. Hush-aden ! Did
 “ I say it should be a Lord Mayor, and ’ffront mine
 “ nown Child ? It shan’t be a Lord Mayor, it shall be
 “ a Judge or Bishop ; for I’m sure my Child would
 “ make as good a Judge or Bishop as any Judge or
 “ Bishop whatever. — Dod a blefs it, ’tis quieter
 “ now : Ay, ay, it shall be a Bishop, and old Nurse
 “ will make it so : Hush-aden ! What if an old Wo-
 “ man should make it so ?” [*Nurse having strip’d it,
 it cries louder than before*] “ Well ! Lord ha’ Mercy on
 “ me ! Who’d be a Nurse ? Oh ! thee’rt a tiresome
 “ Brat ; what, never leave crying ? — Well, I
 “ won’t huff it no more ; come den, piss in the Fire
 “ like a Man.”

He adds, that this Nurse is thought to have been the Wife of a Butcher, and frequented the Oratory, where she imbib’d these Sentiments concerning Judges and Bishops, and improv’d her natural Strain of Eloquence.

Serjeant DRILL’S SPEECH to the Mob.

Good People,

YOU have heard my Drum, and now ’tis my Turn :
 ’Tis a common saying, that the King can’t make
 a Gentleman ; but look you, he that utter’d it first,
 whether Herald to *Tom Thumb*, or *Jack the Giant Kil-*
ler, ly’d in his Throat ; for whoever can bestow Arms,
 can make a Gentleman. — Now, simple as I
 stand here, the King has bestowed Arms on me, where-
 fore I am a Gentleman ; and if it is my good Will and
 Pleasure, I can translate a Score or two of you to the
 same Honour — and what can you do better ? —
 You are now a Pack of dirty, meagre, ragamuffin
 Scoundrels ; Slaves to your Masters ; Drudges to your
 Wives ; and the Property of Gin-shops Ale-houses,
 Pawn-brokers, and Excisemen ; whereas take but
 this Piece of Gold, and handle this brown Musket, your
 Debts are discharged ; the King is your Pay-master ;
 your Wives may hang themselves ; and you may live
 at

at free Quarter upon other People's. — To make short of my Story ; you become as good Gentlemen as I am, and on the Strength of your Sword, may take the Wall of a better Man, when you please ; — but perhaps, you have no good Stomach for fighting ; you may fancy the *French* and *Spaniards* season their Olios with *Englishmens* Ears, and so forth. — Never fear ; threat'ned Folks live longest, and I myself have been in the Service, Man and Boy, these Five and Twenty Years, and never once look'd an Enemy in the Face. — Lord help you ! If *Chelsea* College was to be fill'd with none but such as had lost their Eyes, Ears, or Noses in the Field of Battle, the Income might in Time be turn'd over to *Greenwich* Hospital, and the Building itself be occupied by Nurseries and Foundling Children. — Don't be afraid of Fighting then. — My Life for your's you'll have no Reason, — the Power above, to whom we owe our Being, has taken us into his Protection and Favour, and has determined that not a Hair of our Heads shall fall to the Ground — Nay, if we seem to be in Danger, he makes it his Business to deliver us ; and if our Enemies plot our Destruction, he never fails to confound them. — Oh ! but the Wags make themselves merry with Musters and Reviews, Powder and Cockades, and so forth, — Why let them ; they pay dear enough for their Jokes, God knows. — And if they have Wit and common Sense on their Side, we have Abuse and Billingsgate on ours : — Among Friends, a whole Legion of Gazetteers, Gentlemen who indite curiously, are bound by their Articles to defend us from being disbanded in Time of Peace, and from being employed in Time of War : Nay more, to pen Chronicles of our Exploits, and take their Bible Oaths that a Cockle Shell is a *Spanish* Pistole.

But, good People, Gentlemen I would call you, but as I said before you must first bear Arms, not to lead you beyond your Depth, fleece, or be fleeced is the Word ! and whether it is best to be the Sheep or the Shearer, judge for yourselves ! You see we Land Officers don't press People into the Service, nor clap them

under Hatches, or stow them in Infirmaries: But I say no more.—Step to the Parade! Attend a Review! —there you'll see us in our Glory! Let clean Spatterdashes, powder'd Hair, Drums, and Colours speak for themselves; and if you have a Mind to wet your Whistles with his Majesty's double Beer, in the mean while, follow me.

COUNTRY-DANCES.

The RAGG.

THE first Couple cast off two Couple at once, and lead up to the Top — Right Hands a cross all four half round, Left Hands back again — the first and second Couple foot it, and clap to your Partners — foot it all four again, and Right Hand and Left half round —

The DUSTY MILLER.

First lead thro' the second Couple, and on the Outside of the third Couple meet and turn — the same up again — turn Corners and turn — the first Man foot it to the third Woman and turn her — the first Woman set to the second Man, foot it and turn him — cross over and half figure — Right Hand and Left half round and turn —

The DROUTH.

The first and second Couple set all four and turn single — then both Couple Back to Back with their Partners — then the first Couple cross over and turn, and the second Couple cross over and turn — then Hands a cross quite round, and turn Partners.

NEW CAMARGO.

The first Couple foot it and cast off one Couple, foot it and cast off again — do the same back again — foot it contrary Sides and turn ÷ cross over at Top, and turn your Partner.

The HUMOURS OF DUBLIN.

The first Couple cast off — cast up again — cross over and half figure — Hands a-cross half round — back again — Right Hand and Left quite round —

FOX-HUNTER'S JIGG.

The first and second Couple foot it, and Right Hands a-cross quite round — foot it all four again and Left Hands a cross — gallop down to the third Couple, up again and cast off — Right Hand and Left quite round —

The DRUMMER.

The first Couple foot it to the second Woman and turn all three — the same to the second Man — cross over two Couple — lead up to the Top, foot it and cast off — foot it Corners and turn — foot it the other Corners and turn — lead thro' the Woman's Side and turn — lead thro' the Man's Side and turn —

The MERRY-DANCERS.

The first and second Couple foot it and Right Hand and Left half round — foot it all four and Right Hand and Left back again — foot it all four and Right Hands a-cross half round — foot it again all four and Left a-cross — cross over two Couple — lead up to the Top, foot it and cast off —

The STAR.

The first Couple foot it and cast off — foot it and cast up again — cross over and half figure — Right Hand and Left quite round —

KISS ME QUICK MY MOTHER'S COMING.

The first Man cast off and turn the third Woman — the first Woman do the same with the third Man — cros over and half figure — Right Hand and Left quite round —

LADIES DELIGHT; *or, the* PLAY THING.

The first Couple sets to the Woman and hands round three — the same to the second Man — cast off two Couple — lead up to the Top, foot it and cast off — Hands a-cros half round with the second Couple and back again —

PETTYCOAT LOOSE.

First Man and first Woman take Hand and foot it to second Woman, the same to second Man, cros over two Couple, lead up to the Top, cast off, Man and Woman foot it corner ways and turn, lead in at each Side and turn.

S O N G S.

A new favourite S O N G.

I.

COME all ye young Lovers, who, wan with
 Despair,
 Compose idle Sonnets, and sigh for the Fair,
 Who puff up their Pride, by enhancing their Charms,
 And tell them 'tis Heaven to lie in their Arms;
 Be wise by Example, take Pattern by me,
 For let what will happen, by *Jove* I'll be free,
 By *Jove* I'll be free, for let what will happen,
 By *Jove* I'll be free.

Young

II.

Young *Daphne* I saw, in the Net I was caught,
 I ly'd, and I flatter'd, as Custom has taught,
 I prefs'd her to Bliss, which she granted full soon,
 But the Date of my Passion expir'd with the Moon;
 She vow'd she was ruin'd, I said it might be,
 I'm sorry, my Dear; but by *Jove* I'll be free.

III.

The next was young *Phyllis*, as bright as the Morn,
 The Love that I proffer'd she treated with Scorn:
 I laugh'd at her Folly, and told her my Mind,
 That none can be handsome, but such as are kind.
 Her Pride and ill Nature was lost upon me,
 For, in Spite of fair Faces, by *Jove* I'll be free.

IV.

Let others call Marriage the Harbour of Joys,
 Calm Peace I delight in, and fly from all Noise;
 Some choose to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange Rage,
 And like Birds they sing best when they're put in a
 Cage;
 Confinement's the Devil, 'twas ne'er made for me,
 Let who will be Bond-slaves, by *Jove* I'll be free.

V.

Then let the brisk Bumper run over the Glass,
 In a Toast to the young and beautiful Lads,
 Who yielding and easy, prescribes no dull Rule,
 Nor thinks it a Wonder, a Lover should cool;
 Let us bill like the Sparrow, and rove like the Bee,
 For, in Spite of grave Lessons, by *Jove* I'll be free.

A WELL A DAY.

I.

THE blytheft Bird that sings in May,
 Was ne'er more blyth, was ne'er more gay,
 Than I, a-well a day! than I, a-well a-day!

E'er *Collin* yet had learn'd to sigh,
 Or I to guess the Reason why,
 Oh! Love, a-well a-day, Oh! Love, a-well a-day.

II.

We kiss'd, we toy'd, but neither knew
 From whence these fond Endearments grew,
 'Till he, a-well a-day! 'Till he, a-well a-day!
 By Time and other Swains made wise,
 Began to talk of Hearts and Eyes,
 And Love, a-well a-day! and Love, a-well a-day!

III.

Kind Nature now took *Collin's* Part,
 My Eyes inform against my Heart;
 My Heart, a-well a-day! my Heart, a-well a-day!
 Straight glow'd with thrilling Sympathy,
 And eccho'd back each gentle Sigh,
 Each Sigh, a-well a-day! each Sigh a-well a-day.

IV.

Can Love, alas! by Words be shewn,
 He ask'd a Proof, a tender one,
 While I, a-well a-day! while I, a-well a-day,
 In Silence blush'd a fond Reply;
 Can she who truly loves deny?
 Ah! no, a-well a-day! ah! no, a-well a-day.

BANISH Sorrow; drink and be merry Boys,
 Time flies swiftly, To-morrow brings Care;
 If you'll believe it, drink to deceive it,
 Wine will relieve it, and drown Despair.
 For the Sweets of Wine are found in possessing,
 'Tis Juice divine, Mankind's chief Blessing;
 The Glass is thine, drink, there's no Excess in
 A Bumper or two, with a cheerful Friend.

'Tis Wine that prompts the tim'rous Lover,
 Be brisk with your Mistress, Denials despise;
 She cries you'll undo her, but be a brisk Wooer,
 Attack her, pursue her, you'll gain the Prize.
 For the Sweets of Wine, &c.

'Tis

'Tis Wine gives Spirits when Nature's exhausted,
 Heals the sick Man, and frees the Slave,
 Makes the Rich tumble, and the Proud humble,
 Exalts the Meek, and makes Cowards brave:
 For the Sweets of Wine, &c.

'Tis Wine that banishes all our Sorrow;
 Then who wou'd omit so pleasing a Task?
 'Tis Wine's sweet Society eases Anxiety,
 Damn dull Sobriety, bring t'other Flask.
 For the Sweets of Wine, &c.

BE H O L D the sweet Flowers around,
 And all the gay Beauties they wear,
 Yet none on the Plain can be found,
 So lovely as *Celia* is fair:
 Ye Warblers come raise your sweet Throats,
 No longer in Silence remain,
 Oh! lend a fond Lover your Notes,
 To soften my *Celia*'s Disdain.

Oft' Times in yon flow'ry Vale,
 I breathe my Complaints in a Song;
 Fair *Flora* attends the soft Tale,
 And sweetens the Borders along;
 But *Celia*, whose Breath might perfume
 The Bosom of *Flora* in May,
 Still frowning pronounces my Doom,
 Regardless of all I can say,

OH! wou'd'st thou know what secret Charms
 This destin'd Heart of mine alarms,
 What kind of Nymph the Heavens decree,
 The Maid that's made for Love and me, &c.

Who joys to hear the Sigh sincere,
 Who melts to see the tender Tear,
 From each ungenerous Passion free,
 Be such the Maid that's made for me, &c.

Whose Heart with gen'rous Friendship glows,
 Who feels the Blessing she bestows,
 Gentle to all, but kind to me,
 Be such the Maid that's made for me.

Whose simple Thoughts, devoid of Art,
 Are all the Natives of her Heart ;
 A gentle Train, from Falshood free,
 Oh ! be the Maid that's made for me.

Avaunt, ye light Coquets retire,
 Where fluttering Fops around admire ;
 Unmov'd your tinsel Charms I see,
 More genuine Beauties are for me.

DE A R *Chloe* attend
 To th' Advice of a Friend ;
 And for once be admonish'd by me :
 Before you engage
 To wed with old Age,
 Think how Summer and Winter agree.

So ancient a Fruit,
 For Want of a Root,
 Is doom'd to a speedy Decay :
 Youth might ripen your Charms,
 But Old Age in young Arms
 Is like frosty Weather in *May*.

Believe me, dear Maid,
 When the best Cards are play'd,
 You seldom can meet with a Trump :
 And, to help the Jest on,
 When the Sucker is gone,
 What a Plague would you do with the Pump ?

Let Men of Threescore
 Think of Wedlock no more
 They need not be fond of that Noose ;
 The Cripple that begs
 Without any Legs,
 Can have no Occasion for Shoes.

A Clock

A Clock out of Repair,
Does bur badly declare
The Hour of the Day or the Night;
For unless, my dear Love,
The Pendulum move,
'Twould be strange if the Clock should go right.

WITH an honest old Friend, and a merry old
Song,
And a Flask of old Port, let me sit the Night long,
And laugh at the Malice of those who repine,
That they must drink Porter, while I can drink Wine.

I envy no Mortal, tho' ever so great,
Nor scorn I the Wretch for his lowly Estate;
But what I abhor, and esteem as a Curse,
Is Poorness of Spirit, not Poorness of Purse.

Then, dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay;
Let us merrily pass Life's Remainder away:
Upheld by our Friends, we our Foes may despise;
For the more we are envied, the higher we rise.

BUMPER, 'SQUIRE JONES.

I.

YE good Fellows all,
Who love to be told, where there's Claret good Store,
Attend to the Call
Of one who's ne'er frightened,
But greatly delighted
With six Bottles more;
Be sure you don't pass
The good House, *Moneyglass*,
Which the jolly red God so peculiarly owns;
'Twill well suit your Humour,
For pray what would you more,
Than Mirth with good Claret, and Bumper, 'Squire
Jones.

II. Ye

II.

Ye Lovers who pine
 For Lasses who oft prove as cruel as fair,
 Who whimper and whine
 For Lilies and Roses,
 With Eyes, Lips, and Noses,
 Or Tip of an Ear;
 Come hither, I'll shew ye
 How *Phillis* and *Cloe*
 No more shall occasion such Sighs and such Groans:
 For what Mortal so stupid,
 As not to quit *Cupid*,
 When call'd by good Claret, and Bumper, 'Squire
Jones

III.

Ye Poets, who write,
 And brag of your drinking fam'd *Helicon's* Brook;
 Tho' all you get by't
 Is a Dinner oft times,
 In reward for your Rhymes,
 With *Humphrey* the Duke.
 Learn *Bacchus* to follow,
 And quit your *Apollo*,
 Forsake all the Muses those senseless old Crones:
 Our jingling of Glasses
 Your Rhyming surpasses,
 When crown'd with good Claret, and Bumper, 'Squire
Jones

IV,

Ye Soldiers so stout,
 With Plenty of Oaths, tho' no Plenty of Coin,
 Who make such a Rout,
 Of all your Commanders,
 Who serv'd us in *Flanders*,
 And eke at the *Boyne*:
 Come, leave of your rattling
 Of Sieging and Batt'ling,

And

THE MERRY MEDLEY. 61

And know y' had much better to sleep in whole Bones
Were you sent to *Gibraltar*,
Your Notes you'd soon alter,
And wish for good Claret, and Bumper, 'Squire
Jones.

VI.

Ye Clergy so wise
Who Mysteries profound can demonstrate clear;
How worthy to rise !
You preach once a Week,
But your Tythes never seek,
Above once in a Year.
Come here without failing;
And leave off your Railing
'Gainst Bishops providing for dull stupid Drones ;
Says the Text so divine,
What is Life without Wine ?
Then away with the Claret, a Bumper, 'Squire
Jones.

VI.

Ye Lawyers so just,
Be the Cause what it will, who so learnedly plead ;
How worthy of Trust !
You know black from white,
You prefer Wrong to Right,
As y' are chanc'd to be feed.
Leave musty Reports,
And forsake the King's Courts,
Where Dulness and Discord have set up their Thrones,
Burn *Salkeld* and *Ventris*,
With all your damn'd Entries.
And away with the Claret, a Bumper, 'Squire *Jones.*

VII.

Ye Physical Tribe,
Whose Knowledge consists in hard Words and Grimace,
When e'er you prescribe,
Have at your Devotion,
Pills, Bolus, or Potion,
Be what will the Case :

Pray

Pray where is the Need
 To purge, blister, or bleed,
 When, ailing yourselves, the whole Faculty owns
 That the Forms of old *Galen*
 Are not so prevailing
 As Mirth with good Claret, and Bumper, 'Squire *Jones*.

VIII.

Ye Fox-hunters eke,
 That follow the Call of the Horn and the Hound,
 Who your Ladies forsake,
 Before they're awake,
 To beat up the Brake
 Where the Vermin is found;
 Leave *Piper* and *Blueman*,
 Shrill *Duchess* and *Trueman*,
 No Music is found in such dissonant Tones;
 Would you ravish your Ears
 With the Songs of the Spheres,
 Hark! away to the Claret, a Bumper 'Squire *Jones*.

ROSALIND.

I.

COME *Rosalind*! Oh! come, and see,
 What Pleasures are in store for thee.
 The Flow'rs in all their Sweets appear,
 The Fields their gayest Beauties wear,
 The joyful Birds, in ev'ry Grove,
 Now warble out their Songs of Love:
 For thee they sing, and Roses bloom,
 And *Colin* thee invites to come.

II.

Come *Rosalind*, and *Colin* join;
 My tender Flocks and all are thine.
 If Love and *Rosalind* be here,
 'Tis *May* and Pleasure all the Year.
 Come see a Cottage and a Swain,
 Thou can'tst my Love and Gifts disdain;

Leave

Leave all behind, no longer stay,
For *Colin* calls, then haste away.

The D R U M.

YE Lads and ye Lasses, if to listen you'll come,
I'll sing you, what happen'd but late at a Drum;
Where two pretty Ladies, as fair as polite,
From clashing of Wit, fell from scolding to fight.
Derry down.

Much People were present, and of the best Sort,
Such as at those Meetings do usual resort;
When thus it's pert Mistress, impatient to see
Her Tongue set a-gig, thus attacks her Crony.
Derry down.

I vow, Mrs. *Quibble*, you seems as To-day,
Beyond your own Custom, unusually gay;
Nor know I a Lady whose Beauty is less
Beholding than yours, or to Painting, or Drefs.
Derry down.

Dear madam, you might have your Compliment
spar'd;
It is but small Credit with Paint to be smear'd;
But some have their Faces in Saffron so dy'd,
'That the Skin is too yellow for Painting to hide.
Derry down.

That, Madam, you're witty, I never did doubt,
Since from his Concerns your Spouse you thrust out:
And she who at home can command with such Skill,
Must needs, when abroad, have her Wits at her Will.
Derry down.

The Wit I possess, is but little, 'tis true,
Compar'd to th' Abundance that Nature gave you;
Mine but slowly moves, while each smart Thing you
say,
Comes as ready from you, and as prompt as your Pay.
Derry down.

My

My Mercer, good Man, he has Patience, 'tis true,
And hopes, e'er he dies, to be paid what's his due:
But some are to Justice so rigidly prone,
They'd fain pay their Debts, with the Cash not their
own. Derry down.

Be that as it may be, our Plate is not drawn,
To adorn our Banquets, from Brokers in Pawn :
But some have the Art of so cheap being fine,
That their Guests seldom know at whose Cost 'tis they
dine. Derry down.

If then, Madam, such you suspect of your Cheer,
You're welcome to taste of no Dainty that's here ;
Nor will I offend your high Stomach so much,
As to bid you, of what's not our own, for to touch.
Derry down.

Good Madam, you're out of your Repartee Vein,
Nor need you to blush, 'twas not you I did mean ;
Nor did what I said need an Answer so rough ;
But, by the Box in your Hand — I presume you take
Snuff. Derry down.

This Box, Madam *Quibble*, I'd have you to know,
A royal young Lover to me did bestow,
Who had right, by his Station, much better than you,
To know what Respect to a Lady is due.
Derry down.

I doubt not his Parts, but am somewhat afraid,
Though you got it for nothing, you for it since paid ;
And pray, did you never when NineMonths were o'er,
Discover a Pain that you ne'er felt before ?
Derry down.

How now, faucy Minx! your discourse makes me wild!
Would you hint, by that Sneer, that he got me with-child?
Take that, you rude Huffle; and, I do protest,
Were it not for those present, I'd give you the rest.
Derry down.

Ha!

Ha ! a Box in the Ear ! do you think I'll take this,
From one who was lately another Man's Miss ?
That I was so passive, it ne'er shall be said ;
And thus thus do I fling the Cream Jug at your Head.
Derry down.

But now to describe the Rage of those two,
The Words they exchange'd, and the Things that they
threw,
Would be a harder Task than to sing, in high Strain,
Duke WILLIAM triumphing on *Culloden* Plain.
Derry down.

I.

WHY heaves my fond Bosom, or what can it
mean ?
Why flutters my Heart, which was once so serene ?
Why this sighing and trembling when *Daphne* is near ?
Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Care ?

II.

For ever, methinks, I with wonder could gaze
On the thousand soft Charms which embellish thy Face,
Each Moment I view thee, new Beauties I find ;
With thy Face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
Mind.

III.

Untainted by Folly, unfully'd by Pride,
There native good Humour and Virtue reside ,
May Heav'n that Virtue thy Soul still supply
With Compassion for him who without thee must die.

A SONG, *To the Tune of King JOHN.*

WH O has e'er been at *Baldock* must needs know
the Mill,
With the Sign of the *Horse*, at the Foot of the Hill ;
Where the Grave and the Gay, the Clown, and the
Beau,
And the Old, and the Young, promiscuously go.
Derry down.

To this Mill though great Numbers do daily repair,
It is not for the sake of the Drink or the Air ;
The greater Part, let them pretend what they will,
Go to see and admire the sweet Lads of the Mill.

Derry down.

For the Man of the Mill has a Daughter so fair,
With so easy a Shape and so graceful an Air,
That once, on the River's green Bank as she stood,
Faith ! I thought it was *Venus*, just sprung from the
Flood.

Derry down.

But on looking again, I perceiv'd my Mistake ;
For *Venus*, tho' fair, has the Looks of a Rake ;
And nothing but Virtue and Modesty fill
The more beautiful Looks of the Lads of the Mill.

Derry down.

Sweet *Molly*, for that is the Name of the Fair,
Is the Joy of each neighbouring Swain, and the Care ;
Each old Batchelor melts in the Flames of her Eyes,
And each young one quite in an Ecstasy dies.

Derry down.

Prometheus stole Fire out of Heav'n, the Bards say,
To enliven the Man which he made out of Clay :
Had *Molly* been with him, the Fire of her Eyes
Had sav'd him the Trouble of robbing the Skies.

Derry down.

Would once more the three Goddesses put in their
Claim

For the Apple, and *Molly* put in for the same ;
Were I Judge, without more demurring about it,
By *Jove* ! the three Goddesses should go without it.

Derry down.

Hold, hold ! says my Neighbour, here stop thy Ca-
reer,

Pr'ythee, finish thy Song, and let's drink to the Fair :
Pray, where stands the Bottle, full Brimmers we'll fill,
Let's all drink a Health to the Lads of the Mill.

Derry down,

ASK me not how calmly I
 All the Ills of Life defy,
 How I baffle human Woes;
 Woman, Woman, Woman knows.

You may live, and laugh as I;
 You, like me, may Cares defy:
 All the Pangs the Heart endures,
 Woman, Woman, Woman cures.

Ask me not of empty Toys,
 Feats of Arms, and drunken Joys;
 I have Pleasures more divine,
 Woman, Woman, Woman's mine.

Raptures more than Folly knows,
 More than Wealth or Fame bestows,
 Flowing Bowls, or conquer'd Field,
 Woman, , , yields.

Ask me not of female Art,
 Broken Vows, or faithless Heart;
 Tell the Wretch, who pines and grieves,
 Woman, , , lives.

All Delight the Heart can know,
 All that Fortune can bestow,
 Wealth of Worlds, and Crowns of Kings,
 Woman, Woman, Woman brings.

S Y L V I A.

I.

S Y L V I A, on her Arm reclining,
 Near a Fountain's cool Retreat,
 Sat in loose Attire, designing *Tol, lol, lol, &c.*
 To elude the sultry Heat. *Bis.*

II.

Tho' undress'd, she thought no Stander-
 by could view the matchless Fair;
 While cool Zephyr came and fann'd her *Tol, lol, &c.*
 With a sweat and fragrant Air. *Bis.*

Her

III.

Her snowy Breast was softly panting,
 As she lay fighting for her Swain :
 All extended she lay wanting *Tol, lol, &c.*
 Sleep to ease her love-sick Pain. *Bis.*

IV.

Straight the Swain approach'd, who won her,
 And, enraptur'd, view'd each Charm ;
 All in Transport he gaz'd on her *Tol, lol.*
 Lovely Breast, and snowy Arm. *Bis.*

V.

Love persuaded 'twas no Sin to
 Ease her Pain without Delay ;
 Therefore he boldly enter'd into *Tol, lol.*
 Tales of Love and am'rous Play, *Bis.*

IV.

His moving Tale so wrought upon her,
 And so sooth'd her love-sick Pain,
 She gave broad Hints that he might once more
 Tell his Story o'er again. *Bis.* [*Tol, lol.*]

A NEW SONG.

I.

AS *Sylvia*, by a purling Stream,
 Disclos'd her Love in Tears,
 To wanton *Cupid*, the supreme,
 And God of am'rous Cares.

II.

Who should pass by, in Sweets perfum'd
 But *Strephon*, all a Beau,
 As she was almost quite consum'd,
 And lost in deepest Woe.

III.

Rise up my *Sylvia*, *Strephon* cries,
And fly to *Strephon's* Arms ;
Dispel those Clouds, he says — and sighs,
To Love yield all your Charms.

IV.

His Voice made Love a pleasing Chain,
His Presence quell'd Despair :
Sylvia perceiv'd the subtle Flame,
Which oft disturbs the Fair.

V.

She says, Oh ! do not slight this Place,
Nor Love so long delay :
With that they took the long'd Embrace,
And *Strephon* slunk away.

SONG *on the MARRIAGE of a FOOTMAN and*
WAITING MAID.

I.

WHEN Frost, and Rain, and Winter's Storm
Had chang'd the Air and spoil'd the Weather,
To keep the tender Damsel warm,
The Priest tied him and her together.

II.

Hail, new match'd Pair ! let Lust or Love,
No matter which, keep up the Toil ;
Your Fruit may one day useful prove,
And cultivate *Virginia's* Soil.

EPIGRAM *on One who died of the P-x.*

OH ! hapless Youth, who have receiv'd your Death
From that same Spot where you receiv'd your
Breath :

Thus

Thus Nature's Womb, as many Authors say,
Shall be her Grave upon the latter Day.

The W I S H.

W H A T now I have, oh ! may I still possess ;
Or, if you will, nay even grant me less ;
T'enjoy the Time that yet I have to live,
If any more, ye Gods, you'll freely give.
Let Books be plenty, and there be no Scant
Of sound Provisions to supply my Want.
(Let this suffice to ask of mighty *Jove*,
Who gives or takes according to his Love.)
Let the fleet Hours roll unheeded by,
Nor I e'er ask the Moment I shall die.

E P I G R A M on L——

T H O' glorious Liberty be still thy Theme,
You prove the Patriot 's but a Name :
The Love of Lucre has thy Soul inspir'd ;
You hope the Plunder, when your Country's fir'd.

E P I G R A M on S———y.

I F what *Pythagoras* said of Souls be true,
 Thersites' Soul is sure transferr'd to you ;
Nay, if possible, his Body too. }
Oh ! wretched Soul, thy Mansion quit in haste,
And fly to Hell, far sweeter Joys to taste.

On the same.

T O Hell goodly S——y once posted in haste,
To visit the Place he must live in at last ;
He grinn'd out Applause, but he gap'd it so wide,
Had Satan been mortal, with Fear he had dy'd.
Quoth Satan, dear Brother, stay on Earth but a while,
I kill with a Frown, but you damn with a Smile.

I.

SURE the greatest Pain in Love
 Cannot be worse than this,
 Still with Hope your Suit to move,
 Yet ne'er obtain the Bliss.

II.

Yet this, alas! is *Damon's* Case,
 For ever doom'd to mourn,
 For ever bound to love that Face,
 Yet never meet Return.

III.

Oh! happy they, whose constant Flame
 Still meets its due Regard;
 Who by Love have gain'd the fame,
 And purchas'd their Reward.

I.

ONCE more I'll tune the Vocal Shell,
 To Hills and Dales my Passion tell,
 A Flame which Time can never quell,
 But burns for thee, my *Peggy*.
 Yet greater Bards the Lyre should hit;
 For say, what Subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling Wit,
 And Bloom of lovely *Peggy*.

II.

The Sun first Rising on the Morn
 That paints the dew-bespangled Thorn,
 Does not so much the Day adorn,
 As does my lovely *Peggy*.
 And when in *Thetis'* Lap to rest,
 He streaks with Gold the ruddy West,
 He's not so beauteous, as undrest
 Appears my lovely *Peggy*.

When

III.

When Zephyr o'er the Vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the damask Rose,
He does not half the Sweets disclose,

As does my lovely *Peggy*.

I stole a Kiss the other Day,
And trust me not, but Truth I say,
The fragrant Breath of blooming *May*
Is not so sweet as *Peggy*,

IV.

Were she array'd in rustic Weed,
With her my bleating Flock I'd feed,
And pipe upon my Oaten Reed,

To please my lovely *Peggy*.

With her a Cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my Sight;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless Night,
All's dark without my *Peggy*.

V.

While Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r shall rove,
Or Linnets warble through the Grove,
Or stately Swans the Water love,

So long shall I love *Peggy*.

And when Death with his pointed Dart,
Shall strike the Blow that rives my Heart,
My Words shall be, as I depart,

Adieu my lovely *Peggy*!



FINIS.

